THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

Those who have the weakness to believe that Nature works according to the Law of Cycles, and that therefore in human history also the rise and fall of civilizations occurs under the operation of that Law, will find a recent controversy of unusual interest. It is the Toynbee-Jerrold controversy which took place in the columns of *The Times Literary Supplement*.

What is of particular interest to us here is the deduction of Dr. Toynbee, after prolonged study, reflection and consideration, about the nature of the cyclic activity in the history of humanity in the last few centuries. He wrote, on the 16th of April 1954:—

> I guess that both the West and the world are going to turn away from man-worshipping ideologies—Communism and secular individualism alike—and become converted to an Oriental religion coming neither from Russia nor from the West. I guess that this will be the Christian religion that came to the Greeks and Romans from Palestine, with one or two elements in traditional Christianity discarded and replaced by a new element from India. I expect and hope that this avatar of Christianity will include the vision of God as being Love. But I also expect and hope that it will discard the other traditional Christian vision of God as being a jealous god, and that it will reject the self-glorification of this jealous god's "Chosen People" as being unique. This is where India comes in, with her belief (complementary to the vision of God as Love) that there may be more than one illuminating and saving approach to the mystery of the universe.

Is the Western civilization Christian? Of course not. Dr. Toynbee says:—

> The only way to be uniquely Christian in reality is to repent like the publican, to see the beam in one's own eye, to take up the cross, to drink the cup. These conditions have been fulfilled by saints in all the Christendoms, but there have been Muslims, Hindus, and Buddhists who have fulfilled Christ's conditions too.

> The sin of which I feel that we Westerners need to repent is Pharisaism.... When Pharisaism bears its inevitable fruit of violence, Christians are appalled, as we are at the violence of Communism and of our own past Western wars of religion. That other half of the world which has derived its religion, not from Palestine, but from India, has, like pagan Greece and Rome, been less guilty of this particular sin (though no doubt, it has peculiar sins of its own). In our new "one world," in which the wages of fanaticism are going to be genocide, India will have something to say about this; and we cannot afford to be deaf to her voice.

The Voice of India—but which India? we may well ask Dr. Toynbee and our other friends in the Occident. The voice of orthodox Hinduism, of Caste-ism, of untouchability and of evil social customs, of psychics afflicted with the disease of mediumship? The Muslim, the Christian and the Parsi India are no better. The vision of Gandhiji proclaimed India to be an irreligious country in spite of its million shrines.

In the public world, however, we have the Holy Writ, from the Vedic Hymns to the *Bhagavad-Gita*; and it is good to note that there are not only psychically afflicted religionists but also spiritually inspired Minds. The great texts are known to the Occident through the splendid work of philologists; but mystics and intuitive philosophers alone can reveal the Truth, the Power and the Beauty enshrined in the words and phrases, allegories and symbols of those ancient texts.

So, the message of the East, whence ever the Light comes, may be heard in this: Do not mistake the Eastern sky for the Source of Light. Eternal Wisdom is pre-Vedic, pre-Aryan. The Luminary of Pure Wisdom sheds its rays with impartial fidelity and the glory and the grace of those rays have touched many individuals in every cycle, in every period of history. The accumulated Wisdom of the Ages and the Yugas is one great storehouse of knowledge which learners can and should use to drive away the darkness of ignorance.

But who is the learner? The decaying brain? The ever-shifting mind? Feelings and emotions which express themselves now as carnal love and now as great love? The true learner is the immortal human Soul, each Soul an Image of the Spirit.

Through self-discipline born of Knowledge the learner makes his mind a repository of Divine Ideas whose light it radiates; he transforms his heart into a Temple where shines the Light of Unfailing Compassion which is Justice itself; such an aspiring and practising learner surely arrives at the Lodge which is the Home of Perfect Sages and Seers.

That is the second great source open to the modern world. That influence is potent and powerful in the India of today, the true India which the daring, devout pilgrim soul will find if he has humility, the spirit of fearless quest for truth, and love for his fellow men. Universal and timeless Wisdom is available to all who walk the way of Universality and true Brotherhood.

SHRAVAKA

THE LAMP OF GEORGE SAND

[We are happy to publish here **Monsieur and Madame C. A. Hogman's** timely tribute to a Frenchwoman of great sensibility and rare courage, the 150th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year. Mme. Amadine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, *née* Dupin (July 1st, 1804, to June 8th, 1876), is better known by the pseudonym under which her many famous novels were written: George (originally Georges) Sand. She, like that less widely known Frenchwoman, Flora Tristan, of whom Mme. Andrée Karpelès-Högman wrote in our November 1953 issue, was "a precursor." The woman's movement of modern times owes not a little to this courageous feminist. She was a large-hearted as well as broad-minded woman, strikingly free from pettiness and pretence and ardently desirous of a better, freer and happier world.—ED.]

France is honouring, nowadays, the memory of a generous writer, of a true idealist, of a forerunner: George Sand, born 150 years ago. Her granddaughter (still young in spite of her 88 years) has helped the State to observe the sesquicentenary suitably. The plans include lectures on the wireless, concerts of romantic music (Chopin's), recitals of poems (Alfred de Musset's); and the inauguration of a "Bibliothèque Georges Sand" in Paris; and of a special room in the Musée Carnavalet. In La Châtre, folklore festivities will remind us how much George Sand loved her "province de Berry"; its peasants, local legends and customs were a constant source of inspiration to her. In the Château de Nohant (offered to the State by Aurore Sand) different ceremonies will take place. When they are over, darkness and silence will prevail, and from the garden, in the solemn, mysterious night, guests will suddenly see a small, lonely light in the Château. It will seem as if George Sand, lighting her old lamp, were there, meditating, remembering, hoping...and writing her famous *Histoire de ma Vie* (The Story of My Life).

The light of George Sand's generous ideas, the flame of her passionate novels, might be veiled from time to time, or replaced by torchlights of fashion, dazzling advertisements, high lighthouses. But there always will come new generations to watch over the little flame of her lamp and to gather round it in silent worship; and that is perhaps the symbol hinted at by Aurore Sand.

We had the privilege, during the first world war, of meeting Aurore Sand. She had created an *atelier*, helping artists out of work to reproduce her own creations: artistic garments, Spanish dolls, etc. With her large curls *à l'anglaise*, her sloping shoulders, her "1830" dress, Aurore looked like a reincarnation of George Sand. At that time,

George Sand was considered "old-fashioned" by the young generation; the flame of her lamp was very dim. Coming towards us with a graceful and harmonious step (she could dance Spanish folk dances exquisitely) Aurore spontaneously asked us: "Do you like my grandmother?" In answer to our enthusiastic "Yes!" she exclaimed: "Oh, then I love you!"

Things have changed now: André Maurois has just written *Lélia, ou la vie de Georges Sand* (Lelia, or the Life of George Sand), which is read with deep interest. Jean Larnac has given us *Georges Sand, Revolutionnaire* (George Sand, Revolutionary—*Editions Hier et Aujourd'hui*), which reveals to us many little-known sides of her political life.

George Sand is what is called, nowadays, *un écrivain engagé*; no social problem left her indifferent; but she was not blind to fiction, poetry, or to any of the problems of the soul or of the senses. The preface to one of her novels, *La Petite Fadette* (Little Fadette), reveals both sides of her nature. She imagines a dialogue between a friend and herself, both deeply impressed by the sufferings of France during the Revolution of 1848. It might have been written today!

"...there is, in humanity, nowadays, a moral suffering which cannot lead to any good; the evil ones suffer, and their sufferings lead to rage; the just suffer, and their suffering leads to a martyrdom that only a few can survive."

"Are you losing faith?" asked my friend, scandalized.

"On the contrary," I answered, "it is the time in my life when I have the greatest faith in the future of ideas, in the kindness of God, in the destiny of Revolution. But, Faith counts by centuries; Idea, ignoring days and hours, embraces Time and Space; we, poor human beings, count the instants of our short passage on Earth, taste the joy and bitterness of them, and cannot help sharing, with the heart and mind, the sufferings of our fellow creatures. When they go astray, we are troubled; when they suffer we cannot be calm and contented. You tell me life is beautiful, and that the stars are shining. No doubt, the serenity of sky and earth is the imperishable truth whose divine source men can neither dry up nor soil. But, while we contemplate the ether and the stars..., while we smell the perfume of wild flowers, while nature sings all around us its eternal idyllic song, one chokes, one languishes, one cries, one dies in the slum or the prison. Never has the human race uttered a more muffled complaint, more hoarse, more threatening. All that will pass, and the future is ours, I know, but the present decimates us. God reigns but, nowadays, does not govern any more."

"Make an effort to get out of this prostration," said my friend. "Think of our Art and try to find once more the charm its leisure exerts on you."

"Like nature, Art is for ever beautiful," I answered, "just as God is kind for ever, but there are epochs when Art is contented merely to exist as an abstraction and only manifests itself later on, when its adepts will be more

worthy. Its breath will then revive the dumb lyres, but will it be able to make them vibrate once more, those whom the storm has destroyed? Art today is in a period of decomposition preceding a new eclosion. During revolutionary periods, artists, like all that is human, like plants which die in Winter, revive in the Spring. Bad weather destroys many germs. Nature does not mind a few flowers, a few fruits less; nor humanity a few more hearts frozen by sufferings or death. No, Art cannot make me forget the sufferings of Justice and Truth on earth today. Art can well live without us. Proud and immortal like poetry and nature, it will always smile at our ruin. We who live through these unlucky days, let us try to be men before being artists. We have other things to do than deplore the silence of the Muses..."

George Sand's friend tries to persuade her to listen, once more, to the voices of nature, to the song of the ploughman, and to offer them as a balm for the wounds of humanity; he adds:—

"I confess that I am tired of turning in the vicious circle of politics, and bored with accusing a minority who governs, to be obliged, at the same time, to recognize that this minority is elected by the majority. I should like to forget all that, if only for one evening, and to listen to that peasant who was singing just now, or to yourself, if you wanted to tell me one of those tales that villagers relate to you during autumn evenings."

George Sand agreed and thus was written the charming story, *La Petite Fadette,* when, in the narrow circle of her lamp's light, George Sand forgot, for an instant, politics and the sufferings to which they give birth. She remembered only the daily life of the peasants and all the poetry that nature offers to an author who can feel deeply and render her impressions in a masterly way.

ANDREE KARPELES and
ADALRIK HOGMAN

A BLAKE PICTURE

Notes on Blake's Picture, The Spiritual Condition of Man, by Kerrison Preston, is an illustrated brochure sponsored by the Graham Robertson Collection. This little-known symbolic painting owes its name to W. M. Rossetti, a mid-19th-century connoisseur.

Mr. Preston gives a detailed and suggestive description of the painting with its numerous figures. His tentative interpretation, which differs from those of both those predecessors, seems plausible.

Especially interesting is his drawing attention to the presence in it, among familiar Biblical figures, of unmistakably Indian symbols, *e.g.*, a typical *sadhu's* top-knot and "the long-stemmed lotus-bud." Mr. Preston suggested Edward Moor's *Hindu Pantheon* as a possible source of these. It may be recalled, however, that, writing in these pages in April 1950, an Indian critic, Prof. V. K. Gokak, observed:—

> The extent of Blake's familiarity with the metaphysical aspects of Hinduism merits closer investigation than it has yet received.

GENESIS—ACCORDING TO THE PROTO-AUSTRALOIDS

[Sharing as we do the idea expressed by Plato in *Gorgias* and the *Phædo* that "myths are the vehicles of great truths well worth the seeking," we are very glad to publish this article by **Shri Charulal Mukherjea.** In it he gives the story of the appearance of the dry land and its inhabitants according to the legends of the Santals and other Proto-Australoid tribes of India. Myth was the universal method of teaching in antiquity, and many a fable that has come down from a remote past allegorizes a truth. Otherwise, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky asked in her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, "Whence that identity of primitive conceptions which, fables and legends though they are termed now, contain in them nevertheless the kernel of historical facts, of a truth thickly overgrown with the husks of popular embellishment, but still a truth?" And in her *Secret Doctrine* she affirms her belief that "no mythological story, no traditional event in the folk-lore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but that every one of such narratives has an actual, historical lining to it." None of the mythological stories in the world's scriptures, she declares, "are meaningless and baseless stories, invented to entrap the unwary profane: all are allegories intended to convey, under a more or less fantastic veil, the great truths gathered in the same field of pre-historic tradition." The late Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, writing in the *Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society* in 1940, expressed the conviction that the whole body of folklore motifs "represents a consistent tissue of interrelated intellectual doctrines belonging to a primordial wisdom rather than to a primitive science."—Ed.]

It is one of the ironies of our existence on this planet that modern man has taken up the study of himself only after exploring the vegetable, animal and many of the other kingdoms with which he is surrounded. So the researchers into prehistory have to fall back upon myths and legends, folk tales and songs to reconstruct human evolution and culture. Race memory is short, but it is fortunate for us that the fairy fabrics of myths were woven by our forefathers and left to their scientifically-minded children to be analysed and dissected and then moulded into data for rational history and ethnology.

We choose to take up some of the aboriginal myths in their pristine simplicity, with the object of showing their general agreement as to the primordial cause of things, how the planet earth came into being and how life crept in with Man in the rear brake-van. Let us start with the Santal theory of creation and compare it with the myths of other Proto-Australoid tribes of the Chota Nagpur plateau.

Man, the Santals say, was born in the east. But before his creation

there was only water. Then *Thakur Jiu* (the Supreme Deity) created the crab, then followed the shark, crocodile, a huge fish (*raghab-boar*), lobster, earthworm and other aquatic creatures in order. Next he made clay images of man, but, as he was going to infuse them with life, *Sin sadom* (the Sun horse) rushed down from the ethereal regions and destroyed them. *Thakur Jiu* was grieved, but he went on with his creation. He then made a pair of *Hans hasil* birds who perched on his hands as there was "water, water, everywhere." Soon, however, they had something to alight upon as *Sin sadom* produced foam while drinking water. So they perched upon the foam and drifted on. They felt hungry, but where was food to be had in the infinite expanses of water? The Creator summoned the crocodile. "Can you bring earth from the bottom of the ocean?" he asked. The crocodile made the attempt but failed, for the earth melted away while being lifted up. The rest were called to show their wit and might, but they too were unsuccessful. The turns of the earthworm and the tortoise remained. The earthworm said it could carry out *Thakur Jiu's* order if the tortoise co-operated with it. This was arranged and, as the tortoise stood still on the water, the earthworm dived down, reached the bottom and began to swallow earth, which it transmitted upwards through its tail. The mud settled like cream in thick layers and became solidified into this earth of ours.

Next, the Creator harrowed the uneven surface of the earth. The mound-like things, high and dry, passed as hills. The foams that floated on the ocean gradually stuck to the earth whereon he sowed the seeds of *sirom* plants (*Andropogon Muricatus*). Then grew our common grass, *Karam* (*Adina Cordifolia*), Sal (*Shorea Robusta*), *Mahua* (*Bassia Latifolia*) and other trees. Now the *Hans hasil* birds laid two eggs on the *sirom* plants. Out of these two eggs emerged two human beings, a male and a female babe. They were fed liquids soaked into cotton and when they learned to toddle their bird parents flew away with them to the land of the setting sun, alighting at Hihiripipiri and leaving them there. They lived there on grass seeds and tendrils, naked, in perfect happiness.

Then came temptation in the shape of *Litak* (the Rainbow), who introduced himself as their *gorom-baba* (grandfather) and taught them how to make rice beer. They drank the brew, became hilarious and began living as man and wife. Next morning when the *gorom-baba* came he smiled in his sleeve, for the first man and woman then discovered for the first time that they were naked and felt ashamed and in need of clothes. Then *Haram* (old man) and *Ayo* (mother), as these first parents of mankind were called, clothed themselves in banyan leaves. They

increased and multiplied, producing fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters. The children formed pairs which developed into clans. Next they migrated to Khojkaman where they became vicious like buffaloes and degenerated into immorality. As they began to behave like beasts, the Creator, *Thakur Jiu*, was very angry. He admonished them to return to the path of correct conduct, but most of them listened not. So the Creator selected a virtuous pair and asked them to enter into the caves in the Harata Hills. Then in a mighty indignation he rained upon the others fire (according to some, water) for seven days and nights till all the men and animals were totally annihilated. A folk song describes this flood and fire thus (in translation):—

For seven days, nights seven, it rained
fire and fire,
For seven days and nights seven,
rained water in floods.
O ye men! Where were ye then?
Where did you shelter take?

The reply sings:—

Behold there is a mountain called Harata,
Behold there is a cave therein,
wherein we hid,
And therein, therein, we escaped unhurt.

The early migration of the Santals is reflected in the following folk song which may thus be rendered in English:—

We were born in Hihiripipiri,
We were sought by God in Khojkaman,
We increased in numbers in Harata,
And divided into clans in Sasangbeda.

From Sasangbeda (the plain of turmeric) to Jarpi, where lies the great mountain Maran Buru, over which they could not cross except by offering worship for the rest of their lives, was the next step in the tribal migration. It appears that their onward march did not stop, for next they came to Aere, passed on to Kaende, then left for Cae, whence they came to Campa, the land of seven rivers. Their sojourn at Campa is traditionally very important; for this was the time of Sri Ramachandra and the early Santals, known as Kharwars then, went to fight for him at Lanka against the demon king Ravana. The next place in the tribal progress was Tore Pokhori Baha Bandela, where the sojourners fixed their religious rites and ceremonials. Next the early men came to Icak-buta (the shade of a tree named *icak*), where they lived for a long time. But restlessness was in their very fibre and they left the place at successive intervals for the plains of Jona Jospur, Khaspal Belaonja, Sir and Sikhar, while some went to Nagpur. And as they lived for some time in the country of Sant, beyond Sikhar, they are called Sanotar (Santal).

The theory of creation amongst Birhors, "a little known jungle tribe of Chota Nagpur," is in many respects similar to the Santal myth. But their Supreme Spirit, *Sing Bonga*, was in the nether regions prior to the creation of the earth. He came up to the surface through the hollow of the stem of the lotus plant which stood with its head

above the water. In this version, the tortoise failed and the leech alone "vomited out the clay from its stomach into the hand of *Sing Bonga*."[1] It is nowhere stated in the Santal account that the Sun horse (*Sin sadom*) was a creation of *Thakur Jiu*, as its counterpart named *Pankhraj* is said to have been by the Birhors. The Birhors explain the reason why *Pankhraj* destroyed *Sing Bonga's* clay image of man: it was afraid that man, when brought to life and endowed with superior force, would subjugate the horse under its power. It goes on to say that when God was frustrated in his first attempt to make man, he made a clay figure of a dog, then remade the effigy of man. Next he infused life into the dog, which guarded man as he received the life-breath; and thus was the supreme creation of *Sing Bonga* saved from the jealousy of *Pankhraj*, the Sun horse.

The Bhuiyas of Orissa, in their legend concerning the creation, say that *Dharma* (God) was the primordial cause of things. Then came an ocean of water and, out of its depths, a mass of mud. On this mud-bank *Dharma* created a man and a woman. But the mud-bank (earth) began to shake and tremble and God saw it was unfit for human habitation. So he created a tiger and a tigress, ordering them to kill the human couple and put their blood and flesh at the four corners of the earth to make it firm. These served as pillars of iron to harden it like stone. Then *Dharma* created another couple, who became the parents of seven sons and seven daughters.[2]

The Juang tribe of Orissa holds also a theory of creation and a tradition of a rain of fire which destroyed the earth. When the fire-rain subsided, the first man issued out of the earth near the source of the Baitarani river.

In the Kharia account *Ponomosar* (God) made this earth and fashioned two clay images. He placed them in the hollow of a banyan tree and as the milky juice of the tree dropped into their mouths they became animate. The first parents lived on wild roots and fruit, were naked and increased and multiplied. This account explains why birds were created: man prayed to have more variety in his food. A violent storm came as the prayer was granted and leaves of trees were scattered and flew high, when lo and behold! these were transformed into birds. Then men began to kill the small birds for their food.

The Kharia version of the myth agrees with the Santal one as to flood and fire destroying mankind. We hear that God sent a flood to punish man for cutting down fruit-bearing trees, but a few clever persons escaped from the torrents by covering themselves with large leaves and

[1] *The Birhors*, by S. C. Roy, pp. 398–402.

[2] *The Hill Bhuiyas of Orissa*, by S. C. Roy, pp. 262–63.

fled to hilltops. God also wanted to provide the many vultures with food, and we hear: "The sons of man displeased *Ponomosar*: once more the vultures prayed to him for food," as some human beings had escaped from the flood. Now God in his wrath sent a rain of fire to efface man from the earth. It lasted for seven days and seven nights and, when it had ceased, none lived except a brother and a sister.

There is a wonderful unity in diversity amongst these various myths referred to above. We remember also the story of creation narrated in *Manusamhita*: how, in it, out of the primordial gloom emerged an egg, radiant as the sun "flecked, in thousand liveries dight." And, remembering the Biblical story of creation, we may mark the strange resemblance with the Santal theory of the temptation of man and the tale of the fire and flood brought on by man's transgression, although they vary in details. And our imagination travels to the dim past, to the very cradle of humanity and the time when folklore had its origin. It pictures how mankind branches off into tribes and races at different periods in prehistoric ages and how man goes to far-off places to create new cultures and civilizations, yet ever carrying distinct evidence of a common origin which provides important data for the reconstruction of the history of early man.

CHARULAL MUKHERJEA

OUR SOIL AND OUR FOOD

In the last few decades we have seen many changes in ideas of a proper diet, realizing at each step the importance of some component previously unnoted. In *The Scientific Monthly* of June 1954 Dr. Harry V. Warren, a geologist from the University of British Columbia, adds to these components some far less easily dealt with, *viz.*, minerals that are present in foodstuffs in such minute proportions that it has hitherto been usual for analysts to call them "trace elements." The significance of this is that wheat is not what it should be, nor is any other crop at its best, so far as human health is concerned, if it is grown in a soil that lacks the trace elements necessary to health, however normal it may be to sight and to taste.

Dr. Warren is then naturally concerned that there are five times as many people in the world as there were 300 years ago, that they are eating foods from many new areas, whose content of trace elements we have not even thought of considering, and that the drainage systems of modern cities are emptying more and more of our little-understood trace elements into the sea.

Dr. Warren therefore declares :—

> Of fundamental importance is the fact that, while life has been evolving for perhaps 500 million years or more, all these changes have come about in the last 300 years. It would be a strange coincidence if some adjustments did not have to be made somewhere.

The essence of the adjustments, of course, must be a realization that we owe to nature the duty of returning to the soil what we borrow for our sustenance.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** writes here with tender irony and a rare feeling for those finer values of life that are all too often sacrificed at the altar of the modern Moloch, Popular Science. Until ordinary men and women offer non-violent resistance to the numerous, commonly unnoticed cruelties that are justified in the deceptive language of a utilitarian ethic, the horrors of the hydrogen bomb cannot even be traced to their correct causes. Miss Cross deserves our gratitude for voicing the conscience of those humanitarians whose moral perceptions are unclouded by the *maya* of casuistry and pseudo-scientific jargon.—Ed.]

Once upon a time, when H. G. Wells and Bertrand Russell were the hope of the intellectual world, science began to shine upon the horizon of the common man. Religion was out of date—look at the beastly way in which religious people behaved, always persecuting the unbelievers—sometimes it was "the Koran *or* the sword," at other times it was "strict churchwoman, regular communicant" *or* you couldn't have the school teacher's job. No, it was clear to the hopeful young people in colleges that science was the final wonder of the world and that once people understood objective truth, then lambs and lions would enjoy peaceful co-existence. Kipling was sadly dated when he said, "And those who are good shall be happy..." Science turned it round so much more sensibly and stated that those who are happy and who do exactly what they choose all the time shall be good.

So we continued to revere science, to bring up our children in a scientific way (or what we imagined to be a scientific way, completely disregarding the natural but apparently unscientific even if successful ways practised by all the animals we could observe...) until we were tempted to give them an unscientific smack or a hug now and then, and found that worked better. Gradually we discovered that there were rifts in science...just as there were divisions in religion. Scientist A advocated spinach; Scientist B discovered how bad it was; you took your choice according to taste.

Later still our confidence in the nobility of science was further shaken by the general destructiveness of its many inventions. Seriously we debated whether everything wasn't getting worse and worse instead of better and better as we had been promised. We began to wonder, in our slow, unscientific way, whether it was worth while putting a girdle round the earth in so few hours merely to be assured of really quick bomb delivery. However, all that could be argued out and resolved by saying that scientific discovery (Science, in fact) was neutral, it just depended on *us*

how the discoveries were to be used. (It was perhaps a little galling to the Western mind to admit that China had used gunpowder so long for the delightful art of decorative fireworks, and that our chief use of it was for killing each other.)

"Just let the Scientists take charge of everything...," the idealists would murmur: "Get rid of these tricky politicians, and stop muddling about with philosophy and mystic nonsense, get down to hard facts and then you'll see."

We are beginning to see, just a little perhaps, but a glimpse may be enough.

Now and then a scientist, often wisely anonymous, makes some hard-headed statement couched in plain language, concerning sterilization of certain groups of people, or how personality may be changed by a simple operation or electric shock. We read it and say, "Fancy! Whatever will they do next?" and turn to the strip cartoon, not connecting the matter with ourselves or our family. More rarely does one read a longer statement on "hard facts" that reveals more about the author's basic outlook. Such an article appeared recently in a national daily, dealing with the deliberate infection of rabbits with a deadly and extremely painful disease. This "rabbit plague" has shocked a large public who normally have no objection to the taking of life (animal or human) when they consider it to be in their own best interests, because the disease is so horrifying in its effects: the rabbits becoming blind, tortured with thirst, and taking several days to die in misery. A large number of people have voluntarily gone into the country where these dying rabbits are to be found in order to kill them quickly and put them out of their agony. Children discovering the poor creatures have been horrified and made miserable. The article put the "Scientific" point of view, bracingly demanding that we should abandon our sentimental attitude towards this clearance of "Vermin."

It was, as articles go, as splendid a piece of misleading propaganda as could be contrived. It nowhere mentioned the cruel death, the lingering agony deliberately inflicted. It stressed instead the appalling amount of damage done by rabbits, it described them as ruthless, as a menacing foe to the farmers and food growers, and coupled them with such vermin as rats. (I won't take time to defend rats here; that can come later, I hope.) Every statement in the article was scientifically true—rabbits do destroy food, they do eat the bark of trees in snowy weather (maybe the scientist would too, if he were starving), and, worst crime of all, they do breed frequently and increase enormously.

What was so unscientific was the wonderful way in which the writer implied that rabbits were a wicked, deliberately cunning enemy, against whom no measures could be too

strong or too vile. He implied (I say he, because I'm sure no woman could be so unrealistic) that the rabbits chose to have large families on purpose to harass the farmers! Picture Father and Mother Bunny planning to do the most damage to Farmer Brown's corn! He used scare tactics in the good old wartime way: "Mind or you'll be the next victim. Kill that rabbit or you'll all starve." Never a word to admit that other methods are possible, that more humane ways can control the rabbit population in England, although every poacher who has been prosecuted for "hunting coneys" knows that he could clear an area if he had the chance and every professional trapper can tell how many rabbits are left deliberately to breed in order to ensure next season's work.

What a fuss about rabbits! Yes, because they are creatures of the world and due for as much respect as sparrows. But not only should we fuss about the rabbits, surely the fuss must be about the underlying morals of all those who are beginning to praise the end regardless of the means: "It is a good thing to get rid of rabbits...it doesn't matter how wickedly cruel you are in the doing of it...how brutalized you become...the end justifies the means." Rabbits breed too much; the same may be said of various races. No doubt Hitler was being very scientific when he began to notice the Jews, look how menacing they were—worked so hard that they began getting all the best jobs —breeding ruthlessly, taking such care of their families, clinging together and helping one another. Why, as soon as you begin to read "Jews" instead of "rabbits" in that article you begin to understand why concentration camps were such an urgent necessity.

Somehow I am beginning to wonder if scientists aren't amazingly like some of the shocking old teachers of religion, the really strict and letter-of-the-law ones. I remember being taught, when very young, "It is the Intention that counts"...and a mischievous cousin asking solemnly, "If I put the cat in the oven, intending to warm it, and it gets burnt instead, does that count as a good action?" He was assured that it did count as good. I, younger, feminine, and knowing both cousin and cat, disagreed, saying: "That's no good to the cat. You should use your sense." Now, I am convinced that the scientists with their any old means to a "Good End" are not only going to succeed in killing the cat but in burning their own fingers as well.

ELIZABETH CROSS

OUR LIFE AND OUR NATURE

[Our esteemed contributor, **Shri J. M. Ganguli,** expresses in this sincere statement of personal faith an attitude of unquestioning acceptance of the unexpected events of life, of the imponderables of cosmic and human nature. This will, of course, be considered by some of our readers to be unduly fatalistic, depressingly negative. But, when we are overwhelmed by the onrush of sudden disappointments and sufferings, most of us are apt to over-emphasize *Kismat* or Fate, which—according to the *Gupta-Vidya*, the secret lore of ancient India —is only a narrow facet of the complex and many-sided doctrine of Karma-Nemesis, of action and destiny. During periods of passivity or dejection, intellectual clarifications and scriptural citations may annoy rather than soothe our sick minds. Is this, however, any reason why we should not, during our calmer moods of self-confident reflection, study the statements in *The Yoga-Sutras of Patanjali* or the *Bhagavad-Gita*, of St. Paul or W. Q. Judge? Can we not gain some wisdom and strength by a meditation upon "birth, death, decay, sickness and error," upon Bhishma's declaration on his deathbed that "Exertion is greater than destiny"? Is it inconceivable that we could, by a delicate, deliberate use and adjustment of our *Svabhavas* and *Svadharmas*, our natures and our duties, come closer to the attainment of *Svaraj*, the realization and the Rule of the Self, the Divine Ground, the Source of All?—Ed.]

One of the fundamental causes which lead to miscalculations and disappointments in our lives is our not appreciating the limitations of our powers and capabilities. Being too much, and in fact most of the time, turned outward to the external and the physical, our minds which form and judge impressions and ideas are left unchecked and unstudied. In the natural course the mind thus grows presumptuous, and its consequential, egoistic outlook makes it dogmatic and assertive in its inferences and conclusions. What is beyond its orbit of comprehension it will pooh-pooh; what is mysterious it will consider in a way that satisfies its vanity; what is beyond its power and control it will not see or admit. Some seeming and generally elusive successes in some physical experiments encourage and support this attitude. We want to, and think and believe that we can, mould even human nature, which we are far from understanding, and change and fashion it according to plan and to our wish: give me a kid and I shall make it into a lamb to my liking, we say, if I only have the means and opportunity for doing it.

But does not such wishful thinking lead invariably to bitter disappointment? With all the love and care given to children, parents one day may be cruelly disappointed to find them going astray from the track marked out for them. They become differently inclined, differently shaped, differently natured, though the environment, associatio n

and living conditions have been the same for each one.

Such disappointments come to all at some time or the other. And many people look for a reason for it in quarters other than in the inevitable individuality of human nature. We come to the world with a nature characteristically our own, and we move on through the span of this life on a marked track, like a railway train rolling over fixed rails. I shall avoid the word predestination because it is associated with some theological implications of a controversial nature. I shall, for the same reason, refrain from asserting that, according to Sankhya philosophy, at the time of one's death a balance-sheet, so to say, of one's doings is made up which decides the course of one's next life—although there may be something in this to think over and reflect upon. I shall confine myself to facts and realities coming under our direct observation and experience.

We observe and experience so many things, but when we want to understand and explain them we are inclined to make, even unconsciously, suppositions which conform to our faith, belief or likings, rather than to any truth; and, oftener than not, we go wrong in this way. On looking deeper into events, happenings and our own experiences, however, what do we find? If we look into our life, through its ups and downs and its many vicissitudes, how many of them do we find have been of our choice? On how many occasions did our will prevail? What sharp bends could or did we effect in our nature and inclinations?

We are often inclined to argue, but even then we discriminate between those events and happenings which turned to our liking and desires and for which we take credit, saying that they were due to our will and effort, and those events which went against our calculations and which we attribute to fate. The good qualities in those under my care were due to me, I say, but their defects and faults were due to their having had a bad or poor background from past lives. Is there any rational justification for such an arbitrary division of credit?

Our nature works and has been working, perhaps, in a system and according to a law, but are we the planner of that system or the maker of that law? When a river comes from its source and bends and turns, and flows over or round boulders, it might as well think that all that was willed, directed and controlled by itself. But when we sit on its bank and watch it coursing along we see how causes altogether out of its control regulate and determine its onward flow. Its ripples and murmurs seem to display its enthusiasm and satisfaction at its own accomplishments, but we see that they are not of its own wishing or doing. The levelling of its course, the hard or soft soil, the stones and

boulders on its bed, were not of its choice but due to altogether external agencies.

The sea waves come majestically up on the shore, then break and playfully recede to the depths they came from; but I laugh at their swelling with pride for nothing, for nothing done by their own will or power. So, also, I am amused when I watch from the balcony the stream of human beings going past me both ways; people in different moods, with different supposed purposes and with differing feelings of assumed self-importance. Each one evidently thinks that his own will is acting and deciding every step of his way; but, as I extend my vision and look behind or ahead, I can see the road the bus is taking, I can see the events and happenings to come on the road, which will surprise them and which are still in their future.

Thus we all go, each one rolling over the rails on which he is placed and meeting events and occurrences which await ahead. Scenery changes, weather changes, but the train keeps on its rails; and so do I and my nature. The impressions, thoughts, impulses and inclinations which come, come in a sequence which is characteristic of the path I am travelling along. Storms and tempests may rage, but my wheels keep on their steel track, revolving in unchanged manner and following the slopes and curves which come in the way. "Behold, Arjun, they will be killed in spite of you...; they are all killed by Me," and what Arjun was disinclined to do he saw already done in the yonder where the present and the future merge.

My nature has not been changing, but only evolving in its own manner as determined by the track it has to follow. Flowers bud and blossom and give out their fragrance, each according to its intrinsic quality, in a unique way; and so do we. Little minute creatures we are within an incomprehensible vastness; we come and go, wherefrom and whereto we cannot at all say; we wake and open our eyes for a while and then close them again, why and how we do not know; we are agitated by passing impulses which come not at our dictation, but which leave an intoxication that makes us suppose that we can turn and twist, move and change as we wish, in spite of the stupendous forces which grip and fit us into a gigantic system. If individuals in any system were really wilful could the system work? Would not all laws break down causing a chaos?

If influence and environment could really change one's inborn nature, amidst princely luxuries and attractions Buddha would not have turned an ascetic and a *bhikshu*. If teaching and preaching could produce results, the world's great teachers, preachers and prophets would not have failed to change at least their own society. Within the

direct sphere of their influence what crimes, what atrocities, were not committed?

I can well foresee what some people will say and how they will argue against what I have written above. But they need not quote authorities or open scriptures before me, or cite whole cantos from epics to silence me; for I have myself withdrawn within myself, and looked hard at the facts of passing, diverse occurrences with a close, unbiased scrutiny of experiences which has made me instinctively feel myself a tiny bit in a stupendous Whole, whirling in a gigantic Cosmos, wherein inexorable laws play and operate harmoniously yet inflexibly. And as I muse, as I reflect upon a sand grain on a mighty revolving stone wheel imagining that it is able to change and regulate its own activities, my vanity and presumption, which had been making me relate events and happenings to *my* will, disappear. Authorities, quotations and citations do not touch me; rather the ridiculousness of my presuming to know, adjust, change and manipulate my nature and destiny amuse me and I laugh.

J. M. GANGULI

RE-EDUCATING OUR CIVILIZATION

Dr. L. P. Jacks makes it plain in his thoughtful leading article in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, "The Price of Our Warmaking Civilization," that the ultimate rejection of war as an instrument of international policy will demand drastic changes.

A new economic structure and a new political one will be called for to replace ours, traditionally geared to war-making and to preparations for war. He does not believe that any "moral equivalent" to war will furnish the same incentive to wealth production; universal peace will almost certainly reduce "the Wealth of Nations."

He makes, however, a suggestion for a moral equivalent to war that seems more promising than William James's cult of heroism and the pursuit of glory in the fields of peace. It might, he writes,

> be found in *the re-education of mankind*, adopted as the common objective and based on the idea of turning away from the pursuit of material wealth to developing the riches that lie hidden in the nature of Man, "Man the Unknown," as Alexis Carrel rightly names him, a vast continent—some say infinite—waiting to be explored.

He finds daring but happily not inconceivable "the dream of a new civilization, in which the pursuit of wealth falls into the background of the common aim, and is no longer the aim itself, but taken in its stride, on the principle that when the Kingdom is sought first the other things will be added."

It is encouraging that so far-seeing a student of affairs sees the underlying movements of our time as apparently tending towards a reign of peace. And if the price of peace be indeed a reduction of material wealth, will not the loss be more than compensated for by the moral and spiritual gain?

SPECTRAL VISITANTS OF FAMOUS FAMILIES

[**Mr. E. R. Yarham,** F.R.G.S., whose last article in this magazine was on "Scottish Second Sight," writes here on an equally interesting theme, without sensationalism, and without even the shadow of speculative explanation of the well-attested phenomena he describes with fearless candour. Before the *rationale* of ghosts can be impartially investigated and fully understood, the fact of their frequent occurrence must be admitted with greater honesty than is yet common in some sophisticated circles.—ED.]

One of the most remarkable spirit photographs yet recorded was that taken at Raynham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marquess Townshend.

It was secured when two photographers of repute were working at the Hall, an ethereal figure being seen by one of them on the oak staircase of the house. The figure is clearly visible on the negative. The Marchioness Townshend referred to it personally before the Lynn Psychic and Spiritualist Society. The case was investigated by the late Mr. Harry Price, honorary secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, and he could give no explanation for the occurrence except a supernatural one.

The incident is not only remarkable for the photograph itself, but also because it confirms the widely held belief that Raynham Hall has long been haunted. It stands not many miles from Sandringham, the Queen's home, and the Marchioness Townshend in her book, *True Ghost Stories,* tells of the spirits which inhabit (if that is the right word!) the Hall. In her opinion they are friendly to human beings, and her belief is that Raynham is haunted by "benevolent and protective spirits."

Speaking of the famous "Brown Lady of Raynham," a visionary appearance of Lady Dorothy Walpole (sister of the great Sir Robert Walpole, of Houghton, in Norfolk, and wife of Charles, Viscount Townshend), which has been seen from time to time at Raynham, Lady Townshend related how her son George and a playmate some years back watched a lady walking down the stairs. The boy did not recognize the lady who smiled at him as she walked. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I can see through her," and flew to his mother.

Now this is the figure thought to be the one appearing on the photograph. Lady Townshend speaks of it as "an exquisite visionary figure of beautiful form," and she says she is bound to believe in its truth. Although the "Brown Lady" sometimes appears before a death in the

family, there is no evidence that she is ill-disposed toward it; on the contrary her attitude is friendly.

The last recorded occasion of the "Brown Lady's" coming before a death was when the husband of Lady Jane Hildyard, who was a Townshend, was lying ill. Lady Jane left the sick-room to prepare some medicine, and on her return he said that she was very late in coming, for the maid had been in and had lit the fire. His wife assured him it was impossible for any person to have entered his bedroom without passing through the dressing-room where she was getting the medicine ready. He persisted in his statement, however, saying: "She put back the curtains at the foot of the bed and stood staring at me for ever so long." He felt no fear, but exclaimed: "What extraordinary eyes the woman had!" In a few days he died.

Norfolk, "The Queen's Country," is, as a matter of fact, notable for several ghostly visitants to eminent families. One was seen by Prince Christopher of Greece, cousin of King George V, when on a visit to Sandringham House in 1930, to see his aunt, Queen Alexandra. Describing what happened in an account, the Prince wrote: "I am a perfectly normal creature, not subject to illusions. Yet things have happened to me for which there is no everyday explanation."

He was resting before dressing for dinner and in an alcove stood a dressing table with an oval mirror. It was broad daylight, and some slight noise made him glance up. To his amazement he saw a woman looking at him out of the mirror. She was wearing a low-cut *décolleté* gown with a tight curly coiffure of the early 17th century. She glanced at him almost menacingly and vanished. At dinner he told this to his sister and his cousin, Princess Victoria, who laughingly declared he had been dreaming.

Next day Queen Alexandra suggested they should visit a historical castle about 12 miles distant. To Prince Christopher's astonishment, in the picture gallery of the ancient place was a portrait of the woman he had seen. But the most extraordinary thing was that his sister and cousin had gone first into the gallery and they had recognized the woman from his description only.

The story, the prince discovered, was that the original of the portrait had been ill-used by her husband and she died, partly from bad treatment and partly from grief. Her ghost haunted the guest-room where the portrait was hung, and so it was removed to the gallery. After that the spirit never appeared in the house again, but roamed the countryside appearing in other houses.

Norfolk is noted for its great halls, one of which, the magnificent

Jacobean Blickling Hall, 30 miles from Sandringham, was the home of Lord Lothian,[1] the ambassador to the United States whose death early in 1940 was a tragic loss to the Commonwealth. In an earlier house on the site lived Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of the unhappy Anne, who may have been born there. Tradition implies that her father's spirit is haunted by furies. He is doomed to take a drive, long enough to include 40 bridges, between midnight and dawn of a winter's morning.

As for Lady Anne herself, who was married to the so-called "Merrie Monarch" late in 1532, to die by the axe three and a half years later, the most eminent Norfolk archæologist of modern times, Mr. Walter Rye, gave what is probably the most accurate account of her ghostly peregrinations :—

Lady Anne Boleyn is said to ride down the avenue of Blickling Park once a year with her bloody head in her lap, sitting up a hearse-like coach, drawn by four black headless horses, driven by a coachman and attendants, who presumably out of compliment to their mistress had also left their heads behind them.

Only two miles off stands another of the great halls of Norfolk, Wolterton. The families owning Houghton, mentioned earlier, Raynham and Wolterton are all closely connected. Sir Robert Walpole's sister married Viscount Townshend; his brother Horatio built Wolterton. The "White Lady"[2] of Wolterton is seen before a death in the family. The visitant is the shade of a woman whose tomb in the ruined church in Wolterton park was discovered by an ancestor of the present occupants.

At least one story of her appearance in recent times has strong claims to belief. The late Dorothy Nevill received a note from her brother, the then Lord Orford, at the beginning of December 1894. "I heard from Norfolk," ran the note, "that the 'White Lady' has been seen again. It is you or I this time, Dolly, for we are the only ones left." A few days later he was dead.

Closely associated with this story is an account of a ghostly visitation which caused a tremendous stir at the time, partly because of the clarity and detail of the observer's account, and also because of his character. He was the late eminent English divine and scholar, Dr. Jessopp,[3] and he held a living a few

[1] The Blickling appearances were well known to Lord Lothian. They have been referred to again and again in local publications, *e.g.*, *Norfolk Magazine* and *Norwich Mercury* (November 7th, 1931).

[2] The Wolterton "White Lady" is referred to in *Eastern Daily Press* (October 1931).

[3] Dr. Jessopp was a Doctor of Divinity, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Canon of Norwich Cathedral, a well-known scholar of the latter part of the last century and author of many publications.

miles from the old moated hall at Mannington, a mile from Wolterton. The Lord Orford named above was living there at the time, not at Wolterton Hall.

Here is the account Dr. Jessopp wrote, one of the most notable of all ghost stories:—

"On the 10th October, 1879, I drove to Mannington Hall, to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and spirits, it is fair to state that I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability or 'fag.'

"I arrived at 4 p.m., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation until it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these, four at least had been great travellers, I myself was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen, and comment upon it suggestively. I have rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We left off as we began and as two of the guests had some distance to drive we broke up at half-past ten.

"The main object of my going over was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to this time.

I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights out, but as this would have embarrassed me and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied until two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices and the servants should be allowed to retire. By eleven o'clock I was the only person downstairs and I was very soon busily at work, and absorbed in my occupation.

"The room in which I was writing was a large one, with a huge brick fireplace and grand old chimney; and it is needless to say it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opened into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library, and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine.

"There were six in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a

book I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I finished a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet.

"I continued in this way at my desk till nearly one o'clock. I had got on faster than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a glass of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work on the last little book.

"I had been engaged upon it about half-an-hour, and was just beginning to think my task was drawing to a close, when, as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely-cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheekbone.

"He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had at first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent 'Dead Knight' in the national gallery.

"I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at the tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, 'Upstairs I have a sketch book—shall I fetch it?' There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid not of his staying, but lest he should go. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this—my arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed, and nothing more.

"I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract

when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address him when I discovered I dare not speak to him. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice.

"There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came, and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table. It made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished.

"Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and, if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honour to appear to me.

"By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty—I know not which—but I slept very soundly."[4]

As a commentary on this famous apparition, Cardinal Newman, in a celebrated passage, wrote that a man who has seen a ghost is never the same again. Well, Dr. Jessopp was 55 when he was honoured by the apparition's presence, but the affair did not affect his health very adversely, for he lived to be 90.

In a note to "The Lady of the Lake" Sir Walter Scott recorded a weird account from the memories of Lady Fanshaw. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she visited a friend in Ireland, the head of a clan, who lived in an ancient moated castle. At midnight Lady Fanshaw was awakened by a ghostly scream and she saw in the moonlight a female face hovering at the window, which was far above the ground. The face was young, but pale, the red hair loose and dishevelled. Part of the form was visible, too, and it was clad in ancient Irish dress. Next morning she related the happening, and her host said that he had not wanted to cast a gloom over the visit, but a member of the family had died, and whenever this happened the form of the woman always haunted the place.

[4] Quoted by John H. Ingram in his *Haunted Homes and Family Legends of Great Britain.*

He went on :—

She is believed to be the spirit of the woman of inferior rank whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat.

In *Peveril of the Peak* Sir Walter mentions another female spirit, which attends upon the Stanley family, warning them by an unearthly shriek of some approaching calamity, and especially "weeping and bemoaning herself before the death of any person of distinction belonging to the family."

The story of the phantom drummer is famous as the family apparition of the Ogilvy line of the Earls of Airlie, whose home is at Cortachy Castle, which is 500 years old. A remarkable incident relating to this spirit is narrated in a book[5] published some years back. A certain lady staying at the castle heard one night as she was dressing for dinner the sound of a drum beneath her window. She knew nothing of the family visitant, and mentioned it to her host. Immediately he lost his colour and a silence fell on the company.

The lady was then told of the dread character of the happening. The legend ran that a former earl had murdered a drummer boy, had put his body in a drum, and thrown it from the battlements into the moat below. Ever afterwards when a death impended in the family the drummer rose from his grave to predict the end of the victim and to haunt the family with the sound of the drum. Not long afterwards news came to the visitors of the passing away of a prominent member of the line.

The Hamond family of Westacre, another Norfolk village, are reputed to be warned by the visit of an invisible rider,[6] whose clattering into the courtyard tells of a death. The messengers of imminent bereavement in the Arundel family of Wardour are two white owls, which perch on the roof of the family mansion. A phantom bird with white plumage on its breast flies around the home of the ancient Devonshire family of Oxenham, warning them of coming death. This legend is the subject of considerable folklore, including a long ballad.

One of the most notable stories of ghostly visitants relates to the mysterious hooded monk of Newstead Abbey, ancient home of the Byrons. An old rhyme referring to the unearthly visitor runs :—

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn ;
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadowed by his cowl ;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between
And they seem of a parted soul.

[5] *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*. By Eliott O'Donnell.

[6] Mentioned by C. L. McCluer Stevens in *Pictorial Magazine*, December 25, 1920.

The Royal Family has its spectral omen of death. This is the Big Ben ghost, which makes its appearance at the time of a death in the family.[7] An old man, bent and small, glides up the river in a decrepit skiff from the Surrey side, passes through the third arch of Westminster Bridge, and vanishes into the terrace wall of the Houses of Parliament just as Big Ben starts to strike midnight.

Many similar stories could be told of Britain's ancient families and their ghostly visitants, omens of death as a rule, but sometimes bearers of happier news. How they came to be inextricably linked up with the fate of these families is lost in the mists of time, but there is no doubt that beliefs as to their visitations are widely held.

E. R. YARHAM

EFFICIENCY OF LABOUR

In *Encounter* (London) of June 1954 Daniel Bell, a lecturer in sociology at Columbia University, New York, makes some interesting "Notes on Work." Our notions about work are inherited from the Utilitarians, with their passion for tidiness and efficiency. But in modern industrial conditions this attitude has caused unforeseen effects.

The pursuit of efficiency led engineers to analyse human motions into tiny constituent parts and then propose a "best way" of performing each motion, according to which factories set their average pace of work. This approach, thank goodness, has been discredited by later research. Adam Abruzzi of Columbia University showed that these constituent motions were not independent of other motions or of the individual worker's whole "work rhythm." *The Man on the Assembly Line* by Charles Walker and Robert Guest shows how eagerly workers try to infuse a little variety, and, at least occasionally, their own work rhythms, into their work. The Hawthorne experiment on five working girls puzzled statisticians with a complete absence of correlation between physical circumstances and output, until it was realized that the girls were responding most to the interest focused on them by the experiment!

These discoveries, however, have not resulted in anything better than managerial attempts to include the workers' contentment in the factors of production. The *nature of work* is still the same in modern factories; many incidental consolations are added to the routine. Since there seems to be little likelihood of the methods of production being made more human, Mr. Bell suggests at least rotation in the workers' jobs.

The psychological results of the situation are such as to cause misgivings. Work, as such, is regarded with distaste. Compensation for having to work is sought in daydreams during work and intellectually lazy and emotionally shallow recreations during leisure. The drift is towards reducing work and increasing leisure, which is worshipped out of all proportion to its value today in the individual's growth. Mr. Bell ends his essay by referring to a neglected, wise opinion of Freud :—

> And yet work, said Freud, was the chief means of binding an individual to reality. What will happen when not only the worker but work itself is displaced by the machine?

R. P. S.

[7] Quoted by T. C. Bridges in *Pearson's Weekly*, April 16, 1927.

PROBLEMS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

[**Shri Dilip Kumar Sen** considers here the problems and the promise of Canadian literature. That promise none can doubt who has read the poetry of Bliss Carman and Sir Charles Roberts. Genius is individual, but the environment influences its expression and a nation can and should contribute to the flowering of the best in all its citizens.—ED.]

Canada, with her ideal of one voice, one people, one in heart and soul and feeling and desire, has been for many a land of dream. Her exciting political history, her breath-taking beauty and above all her untapped mineral resources and stretches of virgin soil have invested her with an irresistible attraction. The early settlers came with a firm determination to wrest a living from this new land and had hardly any time to stand and stare at its many-splendoured beauty. Their struggle went on for quite a long time, and, while Canada was strenuously busy transforming her vast potential wealth into those tangible assets which assure to her an economic power commensurate with the rightful dignity of her political influence, she sadly neglected her culture and was content largely to import it ready-made from easy and inexpensive sources. But happily, after the first world war, the Canadians became aware that without an indigenous culture their country lacked national stature.

The creation of a national literature is by no means easy. National flavour cannot be created synthetically; all the alchemy in the world will not force the growth of a literature. In her task of creating a purely national literature Canada is faced with some peculiar problems. First of all, the people inhabiting Canada are heterogeneous and the languages they speak are diverse. On the one hand are the French *habitants* of Quebec, full of a sense of their race and religion, and of the determination to survive unchanged, with their age-old preoccupations with altar, hearth and folk traditions. On the other are the British settlers with a definite bias towards the mother land and a natural suspicion of the defeated, sullen French. In addition to these two divergent groups there are minority groups of Germans, Ukranians, Scandinavians, Yiddish-speaking Jews and Poles. Mention should be made here of two other minority groups—the Eskimo and the Red Indian—whose cultures have had no effect upon Canadian literature. The Eskimos have dwindled so much that numerically they do not count at all. But the mysterious spirit of literature is not always dependent upon mere numbers. The empty spaces of Canada, every nook and corner of the Colony of the Maple Leaf, is crammed with memories of these lovable people.

The degradation of the Indian is perhaps an inglorious by-product of British supremacy. When the earliest French settlers came to Canada they found the Red Indians already established and scattered in their various tribes over a vast tract of land and apparently accepted these brown people as a natural part of the New World. The British, lacking this peculiar knack of the French in dealing with aboriginal people, made a great blunder in segregating them in special areas.

Canadian literature is already bilingual. In its delicate pattern there should still be place for the minorities who do not speak either English or French. Nor should it ignore the aspirations and traditions of the great primeval race now so rapidly vanishing.

Another problem before the Canadian writer is posed by the vast empty spaces of his country. With nearly one-sixteenth of the world's land area and probably more than one-sixteenth of its natural resources, Canada has as yet only a fraction of one per cent of the world's population. Again, the distribution of this sparse population is very uneven, thus handicapping the growth of a broad-based national literature. A well-integrated, vigorous and articulate national spirit is conducive to a great literature. The writer is the product of his nation and that is why, for the sustainment of a great literature, there must be a measurable and progressing social cohesion, and for the acceleration of this Canada needs more Canadians.

A third difficulty is raised by the perilous nearness of the United States of America. The overflow of American capital and business enterprise has turned Canada virtually into another State of the Union. Culturally, too, many Americans regard Canada as a part of the United States. This has had a very undesirable effect upon the development of literature in Canada. To a predominantly colonial country the imprint of an English or American publisher often seems the hall-mark of excellence. Again, serious literature has to face the keen competition of mass-produced, cheap American journals. Often the Canadian writer is urged by economic as well as other considerations to leave his mother country and settle in the United States, which can offer a better climate for creative literature and also more money and more fame.

But, in spite of all handicaps, Canada is destined to play a great part in the domain of literature in the coming years. Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton as well as Swinburne seriously believed that the next great master in English poetry would probably be born in Canada. Culture will come to stay in Canada when she is not confused by the imported influences which the immigrants from many countries have brought with them. These will finally die out or be thoroughly assimilated and, when the authentic Canadian

culture emerges, it will be unlike any other cultural pattern that we have known. What form this self-expression will take it is difficult to forecast now. But it will not be far wrong to say that there are bright prospects ahead for literature in Canada. The real voice of Canada will be heard through the regulated rise and fall of poetry. Canada is ripe for bursting into a new life. She has been

> caught up rejoicing by the winter-sodden heart
> On subtle aerials of Spring.

The distant echo of Orpheus' footsteps is ringing on the rocks, the hills and the bare, blank spaces of Canada. The snow of the silence of the centuries is thawing :—

> And like a blast of gold
> A clarion
> A thousand startled waters
> Take the Sun.

Yes, poetry has come to stay in Canada. Some among the sheaves of verse that are being tossed hither and thither by the cross currents of criticism may one day find an undying place in the anthologies of world poetry. The growth of literature is almost assured in Canada; for nothing else can present the wonderful picture of the gradual amalgamation of the most varied types into a race woven out of strands even more numerous and diverse than those out of which the British race was slowly composed.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

U.N.O. CHARTER REVISION

Mr. John Pinder, a member of the Executive of the World Movement for World Federal Government, spoke on United Nations Charter Revision at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture of Basavangudi, Bangalore, on October 22nd. He said that the U.N.O., like the League of Nations, had been unable to establish true law internationally because of the false analogy made between states and people. Justice could not be meted out to a country just as to an individual; attempts to do so failed and brought the organization into disrepute. According to federalist logic, political barbarism was the inevitable consequence of people being grouped in separate states with no superior authority to prevent them from arming.

Dynamic decision-taking would become practicable if the United Nations was reconstituted with a police force replacing the armed forces of all the nations; a world court with powers of compulsory jurisdiction; a people's assembly composed of delegates from all countries without exception, instead of or in addition to the present General Assembly; and a world development authority to utilize at least some of the saving from universal disarmament to help redress the economic inequality between nations.

Federalist ideas were gaining ground slowly, but many people had a fatalistic view of what was practicable. Mr. Cripps had been honest enough to admit that day-to-day affairs prevented political leaders from seriously considering how world government might be achieved. "We must disenthrall ourselves," Lincoln had said. Until we all did this, the flashes of intuition of many statesmen would avail little. But from people who had disenthralled themselves would come people who understood one another. This was the federalists' hope.

J. H.

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO

[**Dr. Alma S. Wittlin,** a European museum worker and a writer on the educational possibilities of museums, was invited to the U.S.A. by the American Museum of Natural History, New York, to study the educational work of museums in the Eastern and Mid-Western States. While in that country she visited the West and one suspects that the New Mexico Museum of Archæology at Santa Fé, which she mentions, may have been the attraction to that picturesque little city, rich in history and present peace. In her closing paragraph she suggests the contrast between its tranquil atmosphere and that of its sinister neighbour 25 miles away, Los Alamos, where atom bombs are made.—ED.]

Travelling to Santa Fé from Los Angeles in the West, or from New York in the East, one has to remind oneself that one is not required to carry a passport or to think of the tedious business of visa and customs: the city of the Holy Faith is a part of the United States. Even people in Chicago or elsewhere in the American Midwest or East tend to forget this fact sometimes, a quaint fact indeed, for the State of New Mexico and its capital, Santa Fé, are a world in themselves.

A good way of getting acquainted with Santa Fé is to seat oneself on a bench in the main square, the *Plaza,* eyes shut and ears exposed to the local sounds. They come, English words in a variety of accents, Spanish words and syllables, alien in rhythm and meaning. Santa Fé to a considerable extent lives on the tourist trade but the multiplicity of languages is a characteristic trait; in it reverberates the adventurous past. It is considered the most ancient city in the U.S.A. save one. Founded about 1605, the city now boasts a population of about 30,000 but has no railway station. The grandiose mountains which frame the spot required that the railway line should run through Lamy, some 18 miles to the south of Santa Fé. The atmosphere of Santa Fé seems to be a maze of historical reminiscences, artistic whims and sound, up-to-date Americanism; and its citizens do not appear to have ever reached a final conclusion as to the merits or demerits of its geographical situation.

Many New Mexicans preserve in their language the memory of the *Conquistadores,* the soldiers and priests of Don Quixote's Spain who succeeded in pushing the northern frontier of their Mexican colony into the area known even then as New Mexico. The well-groomed, dark-haired office girls of Santa Fé, and the young mothers who bask their babies in the sun, use Spanish words and have a pitch of voice that has long been forgotten in Spain. They hold the legacy of the men who, three to four centuries ago had ventured out to conquer the legendary Seven Cities with their treasure of

gold and silver, but who had to be content with the seeming conquest of the souls of the native Red Indians, a people who submitted to outward religious conversion without ever allowing their own spiritual convictions to be touched or altered by the white invaders.

Even now the Indian child of the American Southwest does not speak English until he reaches school age. The settled Indian farmers in their villages, which are called *pueblos*, and the migrating shepherds have remained faithful to the languages of their ancestors, who are believed to have crossed over to America from Siberia some 30,000 years ago, *via* the ice or sand of the Bering Straits, a mere 36 miles. These American Indians speak so many different languages that sometimes they have to resort to English or Spanish to communicate among themselves with members of other tribes. All like to be recognized as the "oldest Americans" and all take pride in a solemn deportment and great courtesy when dealing with "Europeans" as some call Americans with white-coloured skin.

The observer in Santa Fé, though he may register the world of sounds around him and notice the variety of spoken words, is bound as well to note the absence of much noise, the relative stillness that reigns in this American city. The rush, the haste, the tense anxieties of modern urban life, are unknown in the atmosphere of Southern relaxation of thin air, 7,000 feet above sea level. Opening the eyes will confirm what has been heard: there is a legacy of Seville and Granada in the narrow, winding streets, the walled gardens, the *patios*, the fountains, the window grilles, the heavy, carved doors. There are blanketed Indians, statuesque men with long, black, braided hair and women in *sari*-like draperies; there are the scions of the cowboys, those all-important characters of the Yankee conquest of the West.

The "cowboys" of Santa Fé are not always genuine ones. In fact, many of the figures in tight, navy-blue cotton trousers, the all-too-popular "jeans," and with large-brimmed hats, are young women! To be complete, the costume calls also for a pair of riding-boots of a special kind, with high, slanted heels and embroidered tops. The original cowboy, who watered his horse from his enormous hat, had his great time when the "Anglos" at last got access to New Mexico. In 1821 Mexico gained independence from Spain and the Mexican Governor who superseded the Spanish one in the Palace at Santa Fé relaxed the old rules which had tied New Mexico to Mexico and had shut it off from the United States. A trade trail was opened, the Santa Fé Trail, which soon became famous. With wagons piled high with modern industrial luxuries, cloth, furniture, rugs, etc., the efficient men of the Eastern States streamed west. Their

guards on the long, perilous journey, amongst wild Indians and on uncharted trails, were the cowboys, an *élite* of *bravos*. At the end of the trail waited the buyers, aristocratic *Señoras* in black veils, Mexican civil servants and officers, and the timeless Indians. When the trading was over, drinking and dancing began, until the Easterners were ready to travel home again. On their trip east they drove before them huge herds of cattle and sheep. To this day, New Mexico's barren foothills are a homeland of sheep.

There is not a single skyscraper in Santa Fé, no subway and no speedway, but the city owns probably the oldest public building in the United States, the Governor's Palace. When the *adobe*, the local clay, was shaped into these stout, low walls, the city of Washington, D.C., was still undreamed of. From the early 17th century for about 200 years the Spanish, Mexican and American Governors of New Mexico occupied this building, except for an interregnum of about 14 years after the Pueblo Indian revolt in 1680. In 1821 came the Mexican governors of the republic; and in 1846, soon after the outbreak of the war between Mexico and the U.S.A., representatives of the United States occupied Santa Fé. At present the Governor exercises his office in a new Capitol building and the old Governor's Palace now houses the New Mexico Museum of Archæology, a collection of archæological and ethnological specimens of Indian and colonial Spanish origin, the Historical Society of New Mexico and the School of American Archæology.

For several centuries, the colonnade in front of the Governor's Palace has been a landmark in Santa Fé. At present it is the charming background of a mart of American Indian arts and crafts, especially so during the annual *Fiesta* early in September when the native Americans from the neighbouring villages display under the arches their fine, artistic, handmade wares, their delightful slant-eyed babies and such household goods as families may need for camping out for three days and nights. In the past, this colonnade was the scene of many a remembered or forgotten tragedy and comedy. Spanish grandees and their ladies in 17th-century brocades have stepped from their coaches to this sidewalk; white and red-skinned rebels have been hanged under these arches; singing and shooting echoed from these walls whenever the government changed hands.

The past looms large in Santa Fé at all seasons, but especially when the three-day *Fiesta* is celebrated. Then a pageant which illustrates the last conquest of New Mexico by the Spanish, largely by moral suasion in the year 1692, is held. A member of one of the old Spanish families enacts the part of Captain Diego De Vargas and proclaims Spanish sovereignty over the city and the Palace. Clad in silk

and velvet, with guns and lances, the captain and his men look picturesque on their horses and are loudly cheered by a motley crowd of enthusiastic subjects. Local citizens: Spanish-American, Anglo-American, and American Indians, and tourists from all parts of the United States, join in the spectacle. On the eve of the carnival a huge figure, "Mr. Gloom," is burnt and joy, in the form of dances and processions, is expressed. The Indians perform their ancient, symbolic prayer ritual; children in Spanish and Mexican garb revive memories of old rhythms and courtesies; ladies of Spanish descent don their grandmothers' gowns of brittle silk and drink thick chocolate. A solemn service in the Roman Catholic cathedral, in the presence of the Archbishop, marks the end of the festivities.

It is to the credit of the artists and archæologists of Santa Fé that some 25 years ago they saved the *Fiesta* from the oblivion into which it had sunk. They are also the guardians of the good quality of the local Indian arts and crafts which are exhibited and sold on the occasion: the pottery, textiles, silverwork and beading. The American Indians are born artists, and here they badly need an additional source of income. The drought of the region is a constant peril to the farmer, especially as the birth rate is increasing among the Indians.

"Land of Enchantment" is a name of New Mexico, and it is not undeserved. The longer one stays there the more strongly one feels gripped by the virginal beauty of the snow-covered peaks under the deep blue sky, the rocky hills flecked with small pine trees, the weird forms of stone and soil carved out by erosion, the desert in all hues of red and yellow, and the appreciable harmony in which three different cultural groups, the Indian, the Spanish and the Anglo-American, have gradually learned to live together.

What matters it whether Los Alamos, with all its miracles of modern science, is far or near? Santa Féans refer to it casually as "on the hill."

ALMA S. WITTLIN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A GREAT METAPHYSICAL*

[It gives us pleasure to publish this first contribution to our magazine of a promising young writer, **Mr. Peter Malekin,** a Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, who has just graduated in the Honour School of English Literature. Mr. Malekin is also a keen student of mystical writings, especially Buddhist, and has been associated with the Plotinus Society, founded last February in Oxford "to study the great mystics of all ages so as to discover the common ground of mystical experience."—ED.]

Mrs. Bottrall's book on George Herbert has something of the quiet charm to be found in the works of the poet himself. Obviously in full accord with the doctrines of the Church of England, Mrs. Bottrall develops her subject with sympathy and understanding. She sets out to give an account of Herbert which resolves the dichotomy between "man" and "poet," to describe the man with the aid of his poetry, and to elucidate his poetry by what is known of the man. *George Herbert* therefore contains both biography and criticism and is an excellent general introduction to Herbert's works. It does not aim at giving a detailed and fully analytical account of the poems treated separately; rather the approach is synthetic—an indication of themes and general poetic practices, sufficiently documented by examples, and linked to the thought, character and life of Herbert and the church he served.

The account given of Herbert's life is sane and balanced, erring, if at all, on the generous side. It interprets sympathetically the documented facts, presenting him and those about him in the best light. The worldly side of Herbert's character, while not ignored, is not emphasized. The account of his life has, as a result, serenity and the inevitability given by a purpose beyond the individual which is seen from the first guiding him towards the ministry. The elements of struggle within Herbert as he slowly relinquished the allurements of this world are not expressed with the same force; the reader is always aware of the calm surrounding the area of storm.

When a book is as satisfactory for general purposes as is this one and as well written (Mrs. Bottrall's style, while not virile, is earnest, fluent and eminently readable, devoid of tortuous expression and hideous jargon) it is perhaps quibbling to quarrel over matters of emphasis. As the Buddha said:—

> They blame him who speaks much, they blame him who speaks little; they even blame him who sits silent: there is none in this world who is not blamed.

While Mrs. Bottrall is exploring the differences between Herbert and the average metaphysicals, the reader may well tend to forget the similarities between him and his contemporaries which form a very real link with his time. The polished and regular verse, the complicated stanzas, the dramatic realization and the colloquial tone to be found in his poems make him artistically rather a blender of the various tendencies of the century than a strict adherent of any one "school." His affinities with the majority of contemporary trends allow him to fit into his temporal context without clashing with the sensibility of his age. If classified he must be, Herbert is perhaps best regarded as a successful eclectic, temperamentally suited to

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* *George Herbert.* By MARGARET BOTTRALL. (John Murray, Ltd., London. 154 pp. 1954. 15*s.*)

absorb otherwise divergent tendencies into union and harmony.

A more serious matter is that, in emphasizing the traditional Christianity of Herbert's work, Mrs. Bottrall tends to treat the Christian element not so much as a mould or means of expression for spiritual experience, universal and free for all men, but rather as the unique core of spiritual experience, for Christians only and meaningless without the Christian religion. She might herself be willing to admit that this is not so, were she directly questioned on this specific point, and she does say that

> ...when Herbert and Hopkins...set aside their professional preoccupations and write as human souls, the fact that they express themselves in religious terms need not be a serious obstacle to sympathetic understanding.

Nevertheless, in dealing with Herbert's poetry she treats the poetry rather as an elucidation of Christian conceptions than as a poet's vehicle for expressing spiritual experience. The limitation thus created is dangerous because the experiences expressed, as they are valuable, are certainly not exclusively Christian. A Christian's contemplation of Christ as the one and only Son of God expiating the sins of the world on the cross, or the contemplation by the follower of another religion of the divine part of man taking upon itself the sins of men through the suffering of countless incarnations are only important poetically for their end-product, an experience not dissimilar for the contemplators in the two cases. Were Herbert's poetry expressive of an exclusive experience through a particular religion only it would be a great deal less humane and a great deal less valuable than it is. In fact, Mrs. Bottrall's enthusiasm for the Anglican Church gets the better of her at times. Her sympathy, abundantly shown towards Herbert, is conspicuously lacking whenever she mentions her fellow Christians, the Puritans. Is one mistaken in discovering an emotional bias in such phrases as: " the brief but shattering triumph of the fanatical Puritans after the Civil War " (p. 81), and " that church [*i.e.*, the Anglican], so grievously disrupted by the triumph of the dissenters " ?

Nevertheless the book as a whole is admirable, and Mrs. Bottrall's sympathy is certainly abundant for George Herbert, whatever it may be for the Puritans. She enters into his experience with happy understanding and an intimate respect. Herbert has neither the full-throated power of Donne nor his fiery passion, nor is the range of Herbert's work vast, but his poetry has a delicate and mild flavour of its own, a transparency, a clarity, a calm beyond metaphor which the kindliness of Mrs. Bottrall's book and her general avoidance of extravagant claims do much to bring out. Certain of Herbert's poems have, in addition, an intensity and homely vividness which are splendid even in an age renowned for the intensity of its poetry; to these Mrs. Bottrall does full justice, showing their place in his work and as far as possible in his life as well.

Mrs. Bottrall has performed a further service in drawing attention to Herbert's prose work, *A Priest to the Temple*, a succinctly written and unostentatious account of the author's ideal of a country parson. The prose has that degree of character which is in danger of perishing because of the flabby standardization of modern usage. The occasional archaic phrase acts like a fine relish to a favourite dish, making the style seem something rich and rare. The thought of the work is based upon good intentions, guided by common sense and modified by the social assumptions of the 17th century. *A Priest to the Temple* may be read by a modern reader with profit, delight and a considerable amount of assent.

George Herbert is a satisfying book, sensible and entertaining, well worth the reading for information and for enjoyment.

PETER MALEKIN

Science, Medicine and History: Essays on the Evolution of Scientific Thought and Medical Practice written in honour of Charles Singer. Collected and Edited by E. Ashworth Underwood. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. Vol. I. xxxii+563 pp.; Vol. II. viii+646 pp. Illustrated. 1953. Eleven guineas for two volumes in the U.K.)

Dr. Charles Singer is the doyen of historians of medicine and science in this country and, he having now reached the venerable age of 78, his university and medical colleagues have paid their respects to him by contributing articles to this great composite work. As is inevitable in a book made out of voluntary contributions it has a patchwork quality about it but, as we all know, patchworks constructed out of casual odds and ends can be very effective. Moreover, a patchwork can be made to conform to a general plan and in this case the plan is as follows: The text is divided into eight books, the first seven of which

> treat the history of science and of medicine as it unfolds itself in chronological periods. The eighth book includes essays which deal with the history of individual subjects over long periods, or with bibliographical and similar matters which find no place in a chronological arrangement.

The eight books, thus formed, have been bound together in two massive volumes.

Dr. Singer, a great scholar, is receiving a very suitable present, for much erudition has gone into the making of these two volumes. All of the essays are written in English except five, four of these foreign contributions being in French and one in Italian. The work is illustrated with 106 half-tone plates, together with line drawings incorporated in the text. The magnitude of the work will be shown by the fact that its index takes up 62 pages. In addition to an index it contains a complete bibliography (412 entries) of the writings of Professor Singer. In the words of the dust-cover these two volumes are

> not only a worthy tribute to a great scholar, but also a learned and cosmopolitan contribution to the literature of the history of science and medicine.

It will probably be disappointing to readers of The Aryan Path that the contributions of ancient India to medicine are almost entirely neglected in this great work. So little indeed is said on the subject of Indian medicine that it could easily be compressed into a single paragraph. Now it is quite true that if we go as far back in Indian literature as the *Rigveda* we find that the treatment of disease at that remote time consisted mainly in the recitation of spells and incantations. But later Indian works such as the *Ayurveda* show a great advance in medical knowledge. And if we continue to trace Indian history onwards we soon reach Charaka, who was a very competent physician. Susruta was a still greater man. His writings show that by that time Indian medicine was aware of the fact that malaria was spread by mosquitos and that an outbreak of plague was usually heralded by the death of a great many rats. In surgery India was even more advanced than in medicine; fractures were splinted with bamboo and lithotomy and Cæsarean operations were both performed. It is unfortunate therefore that amongst the many contributors to this great work there did not happen to be anyone interested in the ancient Indian school of medicine.

This is obviously a book for experts rather than for the general reader, who, without any knowledge of the history of medicine and science, is likely to lose his way in such a wealth of disconnected information. But for the person for whom the book was obviously intended, the scholar of scientific and medical history, it is a work of very great interest and importance. Indeed the reviewer, who has himself just completed a popular history of medicine, finds it somewhat ironical that he should now be reviewing a work, which, if it had appeared a year

or two earlier, would have been of the greatest assistance to him.

Even if the sales of this book never defray the high cost of its production, its publication is amply justified. Fortunately that very helpful body, the Nuffield Foundation, came to the editor's assistance at a critical moment in the book's production and made its publication financially possible. Now that the private patron is eliminated by the heaviness of modern taxation, such benevolent institutions as the Nuffield Foundation are becoming of greater and greater importance to our welfare.

KENNETH WALKER

Roman Literature. By MICHAEL GRANT. (Cambridge University Press, London. 297 pp. 1954. 15*s*.)

Most Western people adopt much the same attitude towards the Romans as towards their own grandfathers—that is to say they do not think much about them. But without our grandfathers we should not have existed, and without the Romans goodness knows what sort of a social and cultural chaos we should have been heirs to. For as Professor Grant points out—in a book it would be hard to overpraise—Greek cult ure would never have survived unless the Romans had adhered to it; and he quotes: "If the Greeks asked the right questions, the Romans found the right answers."

Too many of the few who do think about their grandfathers and the Romans drop into a conventional habit of putting the Romans down as "unsympathetic." The Greeks have had better propagandists. But the Romans were not only hard-headed, a quality one might think modern people would admire. Where literature was concerned they produced sensitive artists as well as scholars and historians, and their idiom and resourcefulness have coloured the whole development of the nations whose infancy they fostered. Of the playwright Plautus our author observes that even Dickens in the 19th century was still learning from him—though without knowing it. Cicero's letters, as revelations of human personality, were something new in the world. Lucretius, most poetical of Epicureans, upheld a materialism which no compassionate man would be ashamed of. Horace remains the very type of cultivated hedonist, and the surviving fragments of Petronius' fiction announced the novel of modern times. As for Virgil, he has enjoyed with little intermission one of the highest reputations of any writer of any age. And so on, well into the Christian era. Jerome and Augustine were not Romans, they were respectively a Dalmatian and an African, but "Roman literature is not only what the Romans wrote"—it had never been that exclusively—and the Christians using Latin widened the sphere of influence of a language which it is somewhat paradoxical to call "dead."

The simplicity of Professor Grant's readable style is merely apparent: the book is subtle, learned and stimulating, it is history and criticism, and it tactfully fills gaps in knowledge that in many cases ought not to have been there.

PAUL BLOOMFIELD

The Satanic Mass: A Sociological and Criminological Study. By HENRY T. F. RHODES. (Rider and Company, London. 232 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 16s.)

The reader will undoubtedly find much to interest him in Mr. Rhodes' book, which certainly shows that the author has read widely and devoted much thought to a difficult and highly controversial subject, and in which will be found a number of new and interesting ideas logically propounded.

The linking of certain cults at different periods with revolutionary tendencies and with crime is, I think, clearly shown; but whether the earlier phase was quite as described is another matter. I cannot but feel that the Cathars and the Templars, not to mention the earlier Gnostics, have been misjudged, and I am not prepared to place as much reliance as the author does (see Chapter III) upon the evidence of the Demonologies and the Inquisition.

As regards the Templars, it is possible that Mr. Rhodes has been misled by the late Alastair Crowly's unpublished writings, made available to him by Mr. Gerald Yorke, and has come to the conclusion that Crowley's O.·.T.·.O.·. was a direct descendant of the Order.

Coming in the latter part of the book to matters concerning the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons, I confess to feeling that the author is somewhat over-ready to accept both these as examples of the worship of Lucifer—always supposing that the Rite of Rose Croix was genuinely Rosicrucian, which is more than doubtful. And in this case the curious *Rituale* quoted (p. 204 ff.) can hardly be evidence of any connection. It is, however, interesting to note its similarity with the Rose Croix Ritual published over a century ago by Hone.

E. J. LANGFORD GARSTIN

Human Society in Ethics and Politics. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 239 pp. 1954. 15s.)

What a luxury it is to see the light of a great mind, untied to any dogma, cast upon the complicated problems of man! Here is Bertrand Russell doing this once again. The book is cast in two Parts. In the first he treats of general ethical problems: Sin, Moral Codes, Authority in Ethics and so on, in 12 chapters. The second is on the Conflict of Passions. This comprises an examination of such questions as Myth and Magic and Religious Faith as a cure for our troubles.

The reader cannot fail to receive light. This does not mean, and it cannot mean, that he will get much guidance. Take his chapter on Moral Obligation. It is the search of a powerful mind for an absolute. But he cannot reach one, since no intellectually definable absolute in ethics exists. This might floor the weaker brethren who had hoped to come away with a moral imperative other than their innate sense of decency. But it is not fair to be disappointed at being forced to face the fact that we really do have only conscience to work with.

It is the uncanting nature of Russell's mind that adds to the great pleasure of reading him on such subjects. If an uncanting and lucid intelligence looks squarely at human behaviour and sets down the facts, the result is—high comedy. It informs this book, as most books by Bertrand Russell. One could give a thousand examples. Here is one, so good, so true:—

> Most stern moralists are in the habit of thinking of pleasure as only of the senses, and, when they eschew the pleasures of sense, they do not notice that the pleasures of power, which to men of their temperament are far more attractive, have not been brought within the ban of their ascetic self-denial.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

Fundamentals of Indian Art. By S. N. DASGUPTA. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. xii+121 pp. 1954. Re. 1/12)

This brochure on Indian art consists of a course of lectures given by the author in Rome during 1939. War and his illness stood in the way of its early publication and it is now published posthumously with an interesting preface from Mrs. Dasgupta, depicting the genesis of the lectures and the genius of the author for versatile scholarship.

Many writers like Havell, Foucher, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy and Dr. B. Bhattacharya have written on the subject of Indian art but the beauty of the present work lies in its giving infinite riches in a small space. To unfold the "apperception of beauty, the subtle and mysterious way of self-expression of Indian mind" in a manner that even the uninitiate in art may well understand and comprehend is no mean task and this the author achieves by his clarity, lucidity and brevity, supplemented with innumerable references and illustrations from literature and works like those of Abhinaya-gupta and Buddhaghosha and the *Shukra-niti-sara.* And we feel assured that Sarnath, Sanchi, Ellora and Ajanta will live for all time to come.

Again, Shri Dasgupta remarks that unlike the art of Greece, which idealized human beauty, Indian art has been fundamentally spiritual and much symbolism underlies its delineations, whether pictorial or plastic. No wonder a high standard of excellence has been expected of the artist and his minimum requirements are enumerated in *Samarangana-Sutradhara.* As Dr. Dasgupta has shown, a good and noble character is necessary for an artist.

A selection of art illustrations offers additional attractions to the reader.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

Islamic Social Framework. By M. RAIHAN. (Orientalia, Lahore. 169 pp. Rs. 6/-)

The establishment of Pakistan, says the author, who is a professor in the Chittagong College in Pakistan, started a new era in Muslim society. Islam is a religion with a social message. In its golden age it evolved a body of spiritual truths and social laws that rest on eternal foundations.

Islam teaches through the *Koran,* writes the author, who agrees with Professor Shustery and Quaid-i-Azam Jinnah, an order of "moderate socialism" based on spiritual foundations. He lists faith and trust in God, prayer, charity, knowledge, mutual consultation and self-preservation as the basic principles. The Koranic law supplemented by the *Sunnah* (traditions) is not a closed system; it is open to development creatively, through *ijma* or the consensus of opinion of the learned and through reason, to meet new conditions.

Property as a trust, private ownership of property within limits, state enterprise in certain directions, *zakat* or the contributions of the rich towards social security and welfare, prohibition of usury and the doctrine of the State's ownership of land are the economic postulates that render the Islamic order superior to both capitalism and communism.

The book is interesting as affording a glimpse into the creative thought stirred in Pakistan by the responsibility and opportunity to build a new society on Islamic principles brought by national freedom.

On the political side, there is an interesting chapter pointing out the possibility and desirability, from a long-term point of view, of building a federation of Islamic States. The apparently formidable difficulties, presented by the national sovereignties of different Muslim States and the theory of a single Caliph for the whole of the Islamic brotherhood, are shown to be possible of solution by wise and patient diplomacy.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

Treasure in the Dust: Archæology in the New World. By FRANK C. HIBBEN. (Cleaver-Home Press, Ltd., London. 280 pp. 16 plates. 1953. 25 *s*.)

The common belief that it was Columbus who first discovered America —"the New World"—has of late received a rude shock at the hands of archæologists and historians who have probed deeper into the matter. Barely 14 years ago, quite a stir was created by Chaman Lal's book, *Hindu America*, revealing, as he saw, the imprints of Hindu culture on the two Americas. The present book gives nothing of this. It presents an eminently readable account from quite a different angle. Its tone is sober, its treatment comprehensive.

The European impact on America is held to be responsible for the disappearance of surface evidence of its early history. The spade of the archæologist has, however, laid bare an abundance of antiquarian remains that testify to the drama of human life played, in diverse cultures, throughout "the New World" from thousands of years before Christ. In common with other scholars, Dr. Hibben concludes that man's emergence from zoological mammals took place in the Old World only: Australia, Java, China, India, Europe and Africa: that American soil did not witness such an event, but that man migrated from the Old World to the New World. This migration, it is further agreed, took place some time towards the close of the Ice Age, when he, though physically fully developed like the modern man, still hunted wild beasts for food and lived in natural caves or rock-shelters. As to the possible route of the first migration, there are various theories. Dr. Hibben discredits those dealing with the lost continents of Atlantis, Mu and Lemuria, as also the "Easter Island" theory and the "Chinese Junk" theory. He holds that "Bering Strait seems the most logical mode of entry for humans into the New World." Thus, according to him, man stepped across from the eastern tip of Siberia to the western tip of Alaska, and later across the Isthmus of Panama into South America. (p. 32)

The author, however, confines himself to the prehistory of the continent of North America, as a background for its history in the widest sense. The material of the earliest period consists of arrow-heads of chipped flint and other similar man-made stone implements, discovered at various ancient sites such as Folsom in New Mexico. In shape and workmanship they resemble those found in various parts of the Old World. Broken pieces of pottery also are found on those sites in the New World. While bone remains of the hunted animals have been found in abundance, no human bones of that early age have, we are informed, yet been discovered. This is rather strange.

Beginning from the hunting stage of man in North America, the story is worked upwards, showing how he passed through various stages of culture and civilization. In his early agricultural stage, he differed from his contemporaries in the Old World inasmuch as he depended entirely on his own muscular strength for tilling the land and carrying loads, without the aid of domesticated animals. Besides, he cultivated mainly maize, seemingly without knowing the existence of wheat, barley, rye, rice, etc., which were cultivated in the Old World of those times.

The method of dating by "Carbon Fourteen" (C14), radioactive carbon, resorted to in dating certain types of excavated objects, promises to be a great aid to the archæologists all over the world.

It is a traditional convention, which has become too well established now, that we call the original inhabitants, the various peoples of that part of the world, "Indians." They were

living in all extremes from abject poverty to the full opulence of empire. The Digger Indians of California grubbed for roots, while

the Aztecs of Mexico presided over subject peoples in a hierarchy of power. The Mayas carved with great skill from durable rock, and painted designs that would rival the artistic tradition of any European or Asiatic culture. The Mound-builders of the East used earth to express their religious feelings. The Indians of the North-west Coast carved in wood. There were hunters, farmers, business men, and priests among these early Americans. (p. 14)

The Chronological Chart of North America given at the beginning and the illustrative plates are indeed helpful in following the story. A detailed map is a desideratum.

B. CH. CHHABRA

Buddhist Texts Through the Ages. Newly translated from the original Pali, Sanskrit, Chinese, Tibetan, Japanese and Apabhramsa. Edited by EDWARD CONZE in collaboration with I. B. HORNER, D. SNELLGROVE, A. WALEY, under the auspices of the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society. (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford. Distributors: Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 323 pp. 1954. 16*s*.)

This, a companion volume to Dr. Conze's *Buddhism, Its Essence and Development* (2nd ed., Oxford, 1953), is the most comprehensive, though not the largest, selection of translations from Buddhist literature into English. The editor, who has himself translated the passages from Mahāyāna scriptures in Buddhist Sanskrit, has, with the aid of his distinguished assistants, also included selections from the Pāli scriptures, Tantric literature in Sanskrit, Apabhraṃśa and Tibetan, and Chinese and Japanese Buddhist literature. All the passages are newly translated in simple readable English, avoiding the strange affectations of some Pāli scholars (for example such circumlocutions as "He-who-has-thus-attained" for *Tathāgata*, here sensibly left untranslated, and archaisms such as "almsman" for *bhikkhu*, here given its usual translation, "monk").

Though the choice of passages for translation by the editor and his collaborators has been on the whole good we would make a few minor criticisms. The most striking omission from the Pāli section is the Buddha's first sermon, the *Dhamma-cakka-pavattana Sutta*. The editor might justify its absence by reference to his *Buddhism*, where it is paraphrased; but the *Sutta* is of such cardinal importance that it might well have been given here also. Though in his *Buddhism* Dr. Conze gives full weight to the importance of the Buddhist laity, few passages in this work have any bearing on lay morality —the three Jātakas translated by Miss Horner refer to questions rather of doctrine than of ethics. Thus the uninformed reader, from a cursory perusal of this book alone, might well get the impression that Buddhism has no message for the ordinary man but is merely a system of spiritual and mental training for the monastic community. We should like to have seen included a translation of the central portions of the *Sigālovāda Sutta*, surely one of the finest passages on practical everyday morality in the scriptures of any religion.

From the literary point of view Dr. Waley's contribution is perhaps the finest, but it is also the shortest of the four, and might well have been expanded. The more paradoxical *Kung-an* of later Ch'an Buddhism, which evidently do not appeal to Dr. Waley, have been excluded because they "have been conveyed in such generous measure to the European reader by Dr. Suzuki." No passages are given from the literature of the Japanese Amidist sects, which are among the most important of modern Buddhism. These omissions are not perhaps of major importance from the point of view of the student of Buddhist philosophy, but they weaken the work's claim to comprehensiveness.

Among the most interesting passages are those translated by Dr. Snellgrove,

who works in a field little trodden by most students of Buddhism, and often deliberately avoided as a quagmire of decay and corruption. Here for the first time the lovely Apabhraṃśa *Dohākośa* of Saraha is introduced to the English reader; this is surely one of the finest mystical poems in the world's literature. Dr. Snellgrove's translation shows clearly that the Tantric Buddhist, for all his antinomianism and questionable magical practices, had not forgotten the ethical teaching which played so big a part in older Buddhism.

> The fair tree of thought that knows no duality
> Spreads through the triple world.
> It bears the flower and fruit of compassion,
> And its name is service of others.

The editor and his collaborators have done great service to Buddhist scholarship and to the spread of the knowledge of Buddhism in the West. Their work has been sponsored by the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society, which deserves a share of the credit for this very valuable anthology.

A. L. BASHAM

The Nature of Human Personality. By G. N. M. TYRRELL. Foreword by Professor H. H. PRICE. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. x+122 pp. 1954. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

The late G. N. M. Tyrrell was not only an outstanding authority on psychical research, but a serious philosopher who, unlike so many investigators in this field, was concerned regarding the deeper implications of paranormal phenomena.

His essential conclusion was that man is the victim of what may be termed a biological conspiracy as the result of which he is hypnotized by his senses into believing that nothing exists outside the very restricted realm of experience that they render accessible to him. Our ordinary conscious minds are, in fact, "adapted to common life as the glove to the hand."

Once this process of self-limitation is recognized, the way is open to acknowledging the reality of more extended regions of being. But in exploring them we must make due allowance for the subtle way in which our minds condition all our experiences in this most deceptive of fields.

What concerns Tyrrell most seriously in this, his last, work is the obstinate refusal of most scientists to give any adequate attention to even the solidly based discoveries made by investigators in this field. As a result they are blocking our advance into wider fields of knowledge, without even realizing that they are doing so.

One criticism: in stressing the fact that the world as it exists for common sense is an abstraction from a wider field, the author makes no reference to the fundamentally important fact that we can transcend it, not only by extending our knowledge into the psychical realm, but by contemplating physical actualities from the spiritual plane —in other words, by seeing *this* world in the light of Eternity. The significance of the æsthetic and the sacramental seems to have escaped this otherwise cautious thinker.

LAWRENCE HYDE

MORALS AND DOCTRINE IN BUDDHISM

[In answer to our invitation to **Dr. E. J. Thomas,** to share with us his suggestions regarding the application of the Buddhist ethic to the life of the layman in our times, we have received this short and stimulating note.—ED.]

The Buddha's method of teaching and the matter that he taught have two very distinct aspects. He was in the first place a teacher of morals. Morals of a kind exist in every social community, but the Buddha gave them a new meaning.

An action, he said, was right if it was intended to be right. The doing of it produced so much merit, which would result in an increase of happiness, if not in the present life, then in a future existence. In saying this he taught what everyone could understand. We are told that he began a discourse by preaching of "almsgiving, morality, heaven and the folly of the passions." It was not until he saw that his listeners' minds were prepared, softened and free from bias that he gave his own special teaching, "the laudable doctrine of the Buddhas."

But your inquirer asks about "the practical subject of the way of living according to Buddha's teaching, especially for the layman, and the applicability of those ideas and teachings for the modern individual." "The way of living" generally means living in accordance with or in violation of moral rules. To live in accordance with moral rules is the first requirement of Buddhist teaching, as of many other religions. What is peculiar to Buddhism is the *doctrine*, and this is much more than morality. Your inquirer seems to be paying attention merely to the moral or ethical aspect. But the practical aspect of the way of living only becomes real and practical when we know the meaning of life, and the meaning of life is found for the Buddhist only in "the laudable doctrine of the Buddhas": this consists of three stages, morality, meditation, and full knowledge. They are looked upon as a High Way (*Magga*) and only for those who are willing to advance upon it has it any meaning or importance.

Cambridge E. J. THOMAS

GANDHIJI ON GOA

Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad, has published Gandhiji's writings upon the question of Goa, some of them very brief notes from *Harijan*, in a little pamphlet, *Goan Struggle for Freedom*.

With characteristic firmness Gandhiji laid hold of the essentials: that Goa is a part of India, historically alienated but irresistibly yearning to share the destinies of the motherland, and not in the least estranged by the religious differences of which so much has been made; that repressive methods will not keep Goa apart from India for long; that the struggle must be carried on non-violently, without hatred of Portugal.

It is satisfying to see every one of the great moral leader's counsels faithfully reflected in the Prime Minister's statement in Parliament on August 25th, 1954, reprinted here as an appendix.

A LETTER FROM LONDON

[**Shri Sunder Kabadi,** an Indian journalist in the British capital, whose last "Letter from London" appeared in our August issue, offers here some pertinent reflections on a perennial problem, which recent moves towards another Disarmament Conference make particularly timely.—ED.]

The shadows of world war, which had been darkening over the world during the past six or seven years, are beginning to fade, and it has even become possible for politicians and statesmen to suggest that the nations may be faced with a long spell of armed peace. For the first time since the end of the Second World War, men are not killing each other anywhere on the earth's surface in the cause of one or the other of the two rival ideologies, democratic freedom and Communist dictatorship. The voices of statesmen and diplomats have lost some of their harshness and stridency, and newspaper headlines are not as doomful as they used to be about the imminence of an atomic holocaust.

Among those who believe that the world may even be on the threshold of an era of peace is a man who has spent 30 years studying history and who yet remains an optimist about the future of mankind. He is Dr. Arnold Toynbee, who has just completed a 3,250,000-word, 10-volume work, *A Study of History*.

"I believe we are going to stand the strain of having to live through a long period of nerve-wracking 'missionary warfare' with an undramatic ending," he has declared. This will lead the world, in his opinion, to some sort of world government controlling the warlike uses of atomic energy.

"I believe this is bound to happen because it is the only condition on which man can go on living on the face of this shrunken planet. And I think man has a very strong will to survive. What is happening now is bringing the last five or six thousand years of civilization into focus. The Chinese and the Roman Empires have been trial trips at world government.

"Recently the Western world has tended to think of Us and the Natives. There are no Natives when everyone has got the Hydrogen bomb."

Let us consider what evidence is available for the theory that the world may be on the threshold of a peaceful era. We must discount the utterances and opinions of professional soldiers who will be the last people in the world to admit that arms and armies may have begun to lose their historical and traditional value to society. But if we leave the soldiers quietly working out their strategy, logistics and communication and supply problems, and occasionally exhorting their peoples, as Lord Montgomery did at the unveiling of the El Alamein Memorial, never to neglect to cultivate the martial spirit, we can detect *a growing wish among the peoples of all countries to rid themselves for ever of the waste and futility of war.*

One of the impressions which all the various British visitors have gained in Russia and China is that the people in those countries, including the rulers, would rather face a future in which peace was guaranteed than a future in which they would have to throw everything into an atomic conflict. This impression, gained in personal contacts with Mao Tse-tung, Malenkov and other members of the Chinese and Russian governments, and from what they saw of the ordinary people at work and at play, confirmed the view that Western statesmen and politicians at a distance had begun to formulate. This view is that an atomic

war is more likely to be precipitated by accident than by design. Yet the main energies of peoples in all countries are directed towards the gigantic tasks of recovering from the violence and misery of the last war and from the damage and destruction of their revolution for independence. On this important fact, that the balance sheet of war today can only show a dead loss for all concerned, there is complete agreement among the men who exercise power, whether in the dictatorships or the democracies.

While it is comparatively simple to grasp this fact mentally, assisted as we are by charts and statistics showing the radius of destruction of hydrogen bombs, our difficulty is that we are more or less reluctant to face this fact and adjust our lives accordingly. We continue to prolong a state of affairs which could provoke the accident which we know, with as much certainty as we know anything, would spread ruin, desolation and pestilence throughout the world.

This risk of an accidental war will be reduced in proportion to the capacity and willingness of those nations who stand in fear of one another to try to gain first-hand knowledge of each other's social, economic, cultural and political practices and activities. The exchange of visits which have recently been made by politicians, trades-unionists, industrialists, scientists, sportsmen, artists and musicians of countries which are firmly wedded to different and contrasting ideologies will serve to remove some of the prejudices and fears which led to the race in armaments. If respected politicians and public figures return from these visits and draw attention, as many have already done, to the abhorrence in which war is held among the people they have visited and to the desire for peaceful negotiation of differences manifested by the rulers of these countries, it is reasonable to suppose that other avenues to strengthening the prospects of peace will be explored in addition to the negative and risky path which leads only to the acquisition of greater and greater military strength.

The prospects and opportunities of promoting better understanding between peoples who have been feverishly arming against one another will not be favourable so long as the armaments race, with all the high-pressure military and strategic planning which accompanies it, continues unabated. That is why the disarmament negotiations which have been resumed by the United Nations may very well prove the accuracy or otherwise of the prophecies being made by men like Dr. Toynbee. The difficulties in the way of disarmament have always been presented, both by Russia and the West, as largely procedural and mechanistic. One of the questions occupying the mind of the American and Russian delegates to the UN, for example, has been whether these countries would allow inspecting aircraft of any Disarmament Agency to fly over the territory of their own country. Another problem said to have held up progress in the last few years towards negotiating a Disarmament Convention is whether the construction of atomic weapons should be controlled or banned first, or whether there should be simultaneous control and reduction of these and of "conventional" armaments.

Such difficulties as these would be easily overcome once there was a courageous acceptance of the fact that, if civilization is to survive, the atomic bomb, the supersonic bomber, military bacteria, the aircraft-carrier and all the other machines of total warfare must join the axe, the spear and the suit of chain armour in the only place where they can render a service to society—in the museum. In at least one country in the world—in Britain—it has become a commonplace utterance of scientists, politicians and newspaper writers that, in a war fought

with thermonuclear weapons, the outcome would be total destruction.

"A few hundred large bombs might destroy most of Britain without world-wide risk, but a few thousand would pass the danger line," declared Dr. E. D. Adrian, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His views, incidentally, were broadcast, as well as widely quoted in the press, so that the general public cannot claim to be ignorant of the fate that awaits it should peace again be jeopardized.

If the world is to survive, there is in fact no alternative to disarmament. This means that the emotional satisfaction which nations have always derived from the possession of arms and armies, and the release which militarism has traditionally provided for the expression of national idealism, must be directed along different channels. In many countries today, especially at times of natural disaster such as floods, earthquakes and landslides, armies are in fact "mobilized" to save life and property and to bring succour and relief to the injured. In the process of disarming, consideration should be given to retaining in existence "military" units and formations, with all their ancient traditions of service, courage and valour, which could still function as honourable and respected institutions in the national life. Such an "army for peace" would provide an outlet for the spirit of adventure, comradeship and service which is characteristic of every generation. If, further, it could be established as a multi-national force it would serve to promote trust and confidence among different peoples instead of the old prejudice against and fear and hatred of the traditional army, which is fast becoming an anachronism in the modern world.

To bring under serious consideration such constructive measures to preserve peace, the first requirement is to apply the brakes to the present race in armaments. The most sensible suggestion so far advanced has come from India, whose representative at the UN has urged, as a preliminary to further negotiations, agreement among the nations on a truce in the arms race. Statesmen who try, with all the sincerity in the world, to reach agreement on disarmament while the atomic plants and arms factories in their own countries are working at full pressure on the biggest peace-time armaments programme in history are rather in the position of men trying to walk up an escalator that is carrying them down all the time. The next few months will show whether they have the necessary agility for this feat.

SUNDER KABADI

In the series "The Civilization of the American Indian" Mr. Joseph Epes Brown has recorded and edited *The Sacred Pipe; Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux.* The following is an interesting interpretation by Black Elk, as recorded by Mr. Brown, of the smoking of the sacred pipe that accompanied all rites:—

> In filling a pipe all space (represented by the offerings to the Powers of the Six Directions) and all things (represented by the grains of tobacco) are contracted within a single point (the bowl or heart of the pipe), so that the pipe contains, or really *is*, the universe. But since the pipe is the universe, it is also man, and the one who fills a pipe should identify himself with it, thus not only establishing the centre of the universe, but also his own centre; he so "expands" that the six directions of space are actually brought within himself. It is by this "expansion" that a man ceases to be a part, fragment, and becomes whole, or holy; he shatters the illusion of separateness.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Fundamental problems of "Human Relations and International Obligations" are to be discussed at the suggestion of Unesco in a symposium at the Indian Philosophical Congress's 29th Session, to be held in December at Colombo, Ceylon. Dr. Richard McKeon of the University of Chicago, a delegate to that Congress, led the discussion in a symposium on the subject held on October 21st at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. The other speakers on that occasion were Prof. N. A. Nikam, Mr. Justice B. Vasudevamurthy and Shri D. V. Gundappa.

The Basic Document on the subject, prepared for the symposium at Colombo, was used at the Institute. Though time permitted little more than the presentation of the problems, without definitive answers or general discussion, they were stimulating to thought. In what sense should peoples regard and treat one another as neighbours or as equals? Is the overcoming of obstacles to the international communication of ideas an obligation or a matter of national policy? Is an individual under obligations to give his loyalty to a particular culture?

The Basic Document refers to the concern of most contemporary peoples to share in the enduring insights and the æsthetic enjoyments of others. The right of everyone to access to the common cultural patrimony of great works of literature and of art should be recognized as transcending all national or communal claims.

Two constructive contributions which India could offer for the reconciling and co-ordinating of East and West, which were properly complementary to each other and not antagonistic, were suggested by Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar at Bangalore on October 19th. He was speaking at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, on "India in the International World."

One was the tradition that war was purposeless. Two World Wars had proved the correctness of Asoka's warning in a pillar edict in Orissa that in every war the victor was the vanquished. If modern India proclaimed the futility of schemes for war and the piling up of armaments she would be echoing Asoka's views and a tradition which far antedated the great Buddhist Emperor of over two millennia ago.

India had known wars, but only dynastic, personal and superficial ones. In no war in India had population been pitted against population. In India as in China the cultivator had carried on his labours little affected by the strife of kings.

The ancient *Rig Veda* had prefigured the idea of the United Nations when it had laid it down that the way to solve problems was for people to come together, discuss together and understand each other's points of view.

No less important a contribution which India had to offer was her having put material power in its place and not given it first place. It was difficult for Americans, apprehensive of any threat to their way of life with its widely spread material advantages, to conceive that any nation could be content with comparative poverty, as India seemed to be. This was not to say that the Indian attitude to life was irreconcilable with efficiency. The era

of India's greatest spiritual and cultural achievements had been one of throbbing industrial and commercial activity.

But the Indian civilization was the only great civilization, except perhaps the Chinese, in which wealth had not been regarded as the *summum bonum*. Indian literature, sacred or secular, from 2000 B.C. to 50 years ago, showed no hero admired because of his riches. It was the man who, though perhaps without material possessions, was great in wisdom and in character that was traditionally honoured. Things of the mind and the spirit had ever been recognized in India as the most excellent things.

"The Lessons of the Political Literary Writings of the 1930's" was the subject on which Mr. Stephen Spender addressed an overflowing hall at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on November 4th, under the chairmanship of Sir Samuel Runganadhan. One of a distinguished group of young poets of that decade, which included W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, Christopher Isherwood, etc., Mr. Spender vividly presented their dilemma.

Depressed by prophecies of the doom of Western civilization, their social conscience stirred by the widespread unemployment produced by the system by which their families were prospering, they had found the poetry of pity for distress inadequate. Feeling the urge to write so that the conditions responsible for the unemployment could be remedied, they had found themselves faced with the problem of ends and means. The furthest any of them had gone towards accepting bad means to good ends was the line in Auden's "Spain" about "acceptance of necessary murder." His later "Refugee Blues" showed the retreat which Auden had made from this position.

Mr. Spender made a powerful plea against writers' permitting the imposition of an outside system of thinking on inside spontaneity; it was not only destructive to talent but also deprived the world of the witness of the human spirit to conditions as they actually were.

Did one believe in man for the sake of politics or politics for the sake of man? That question his group of writers had faced in the '30's; it was still a vitally important one. It was not his point that poetry should abjure politics, but that political poetry should be critical of politics and uphold the dignity and freedom of the individual. He warned that the tendency to officialize writers was not confined to avowedly totalitarian countries. Large areas were activated by mild or benevolent terror, involving the assumption that the bureaucracy was always right. He opposed all terror. The writer had to resist not only pressure from the politicians but also economic pressure to support policies of which he did not approve; he had to retain his independence of directives and his right to criticize his government, his party and the society in which he lived.

On October 8th at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture Miss I. B. Horner, Secretary of the Pali Text Society, gave a talk on the Sixth Great Buddhist Council, for which an ideal centre, Rangoon, had been chosen. The Council had opened officially on Vesak Day this year, and was expected to remain in session until Vesak Day 1956, the accepted date of the 2500th anniversary of Gautama's *Parinibbana*. United by Buddhism, the Sangha, the Government of Burma—particularly remarkable for its earnestness—and the laity, chiefly from Burma and Ceylon, had co-operated in a spirit of devotion and dedication to build the Cave and provide for the Council, which, however, could be held only by the Sangha.

The object of all such Councils was to chant or record as nearly as possible what the participants took to be the Buddha-word, which at first had not been written down. Further, there was in fact a long interlude between the Fourth Council, which took place 454 years after the *Parinibbana*, in the Aloka Cave in Ceylon, and the next one, held at Mandalay in 1871, when the whole of the Pali canon was engraved on 729 marble slabs. These, it had since become apparent, contained many errors and additions and there were also omissions. This was inevitable, considering the long passage of time, the methods of transmission and the fact that Pali had not its own script.

The object of the present Council was to purify the Pali canon, thus to secure a text acceptable to the whole Theravada world, by consulting, comparing and checking the five versions of the Tipitika: four from the leading Theravada countries—Burma, Thailand, Ceylon and Cambodia—and in addition the "London text." No arbitrary decisions, however, would be taken in favour of one or another version. Differences would be clearly shown in footnotes and in appendices to each book to facilitate reference. While a measure of agreement had been reached on disputed points, it might be wondered whether all the findings would pass the tests of modern scholarship.

The newly established texts were to be translated into Burmese, a difficult task; Burmese, unlike Pali, was not a rich language. Translations might also be made into Hindi and English. The printing of the texts was being carried out on a fine press, the gift of the Committee for Free Asia. Proof-reading had to be done with tremendous care, and this was not without reason. Often in the past scriptures had been printed so carelessly that now the Burmese Government had had a bill passed laying down legal sanctions against such practices.

World peace was the result which the organizers of the *Chattha Sangayana* had in view. To this end they had to begin in Asia and to use their influence through Buddhism, the traditional religion of South-East Asia. Defenceless against the great power blocs, South-East Asia's only hope lay in unity, a unity coming from a revival of Buddhism. This would make for a way of life that perhaps would enable these countries to resist outside influences, as a result of putting to good use the store of patience, common sense and good-will built up amongst the people during the last 2,500 years. For this purpose Burma was an excellent rallying-point. Moreover, while a forward-looking new nation, Burma had been Theravada Buddhist for centuries.

But if the future of South-East Asia depended on the outcome of this ideal struggle, so too it had, through Buddhism, a contribution to make to higher standards of morality and to the set purpose and determination which this demanded for the whole world.

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